

A
S E L E C T I O N
O F
HYMNS and MEDITATIONS
F O R
EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK;
F R O M
THE REFORMED DEVOTIONS OF AUSTIN:
ENTIRELY CLEARED OF
THOSE EXPRESSIONS WHICH SAVOURED
OF POPERY;
AND ADAPTED TO THE USE OF
ALL PROTESTANT CHRISTIANS.
W I T H
OCCASIONAL REFERENCES TO THE
SCRIPTURES;
A N D
ANNOTATIONS IN AN APPENDIX.

"Commune with your own Heart, and in your Chamber, and be still."
Psal. iv. 4.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:

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1791.

A
SECTION

HYMNS AND MEDITATIONS

FOR
EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK

FROM
THE REFORMED DIVISIONS OF AUSTRIA

RECENTLY CHANGED OF
THOSE EXTENSIONS WHICH SAVOURED
OF TORY

AND ADAPTED TO THE USE OF
ALL PROTESTANT CHRISTIANS

WITH
OCCASIONAL REFERENCES TO THE
SCRIPTURES



ANNOTATIONS IN AN APPENDIX

Printed by W. Clowes and Sons, London, and by J. W. Smith, New York.

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SELECTION

H Y M N S

AND

MEDITATIONS.

ERRORS and OMISSIONS in the MEDITATIONS.

To Note II. Page 9, add St John chap. xiv. v. 6.

Page 13, Line 13, for too truly read how truly.

Page 20, Line 8, for sit read fit.

Page 28, Line 3, for spakedst read spakest.

Place at the end of Line 2, p. 36, a Semicolon instead of the Period.

Read Line II of Page 83 without the Comma at Life.

Page 89, Note I. for Ecclef. read Ecclus.

ERRORS in the ANNOTATIONS.

Page 110, Line 3, for Austen's read Austin's.

Read Line 13 of Page 133 with a Comma at ut.

Page 148, Line 11, for originates from read originates in.

Page 150, Line 19, for ceusorque read censorque.

*In the Note to Amaranth, Page 161, place a Colon at HARTE :
and read He was the Tutor.*



too highly figurative *Expressions*. The Reading of an old Manuscript Selection (from the unreformed Devotions, its Date the Reign of Charles II.) is sometimes preferred to that of Dr Hicks' Editions; for the Force of Sentiments is often weakened by modernizing the Language. Those Sentences are reduced wherein a Thought seemed too much extended. The Hymns that are selected are, in general, untouched: They are better seen in their native * Simplicity. The Scriptures are referred to, where a Confirmation or Illustration seemed necessary: and such References are set before the Reader in every Page as they occur.

Extracts, as well from Authors that are generally known, as from those moral and religious Writings which are now read only by a few, are added, with occasional Remarks, in an Appendix. 'Tis pleasing to observe the various Modes of expressing the same Thoughts, (though it has sometimes happened that Men have not only thought, but expressed their Sentiments alike †) and to trace to its Source the Improvements of a more fertile Imagination upon a bare Idea suggested by a former writer, which a succeeding one, having enriched and extended

* This Term may be deemed ill applied to the Hymn for Thursday Morning, which is very *figurative*: But in general the Hymns are plain and simple.

† The Reader will meet with several Instances of an exact Similarity both in the Sentiments and Expressions of Authors, who were unacquainted with the Writings of each other, in Wharton's excellent "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope."—See Vol. i. p. 91, 92, 93.

into many finer Branches, claims as his Right, and engrafs upon his own Work.

I have presumed to contrast the Sentiments of a few Heathen Writers, as proofs in point of the infinite advantages which result from Revelation; though sensible that in a Work of this kind such Quotations are exceptionable: But, lest the attention of the devout Reader should be diverted from the main Subject by placing them at the foot of each Page, all the Extracts and Annotations are subjoined in an Appendix.

Vain would be the Expectation, and even the Wish, that every one who takes up this Book may reap from it the Pleasure and Instruction which its Editor received: For it is impossible to wipe off the Scales of Prejudice from every Eye, and some read but to find fault. He may, however, be permitted to indulge an Hope, that they who read it with a desire to receive Pleasure and Improvement, will not be disappointed in their Expectations. Encouraged by this Hope, he ventures to restore to Light what has long lien in unmerited Obscurity; (D) and if by his means one pious Thought be excited in a careless Heart, the Design of this Publication will, in some measure, be attained, and his Labours blessed.

H. COTES.

Bedlington, April 29, 1791.

THE PREFACE.

*THE following Selection is made from a Book * that was many years ago reformed, in part, from the Errors of the Church of Rome, and has since been given to the world in various Editions by several hands. Two Editions of it were published in the form of "Offices for every day in the week, with additional Hymns, Prayers, &c." by Dr George Hicks, Dean of Worcester, whose Character for Probity, Piety, and Learning is well known.*

The Pleasure and Instruction which I received from a Book that is now scarcely known, and, where it is known, for obvious reasons seldom read, induce me to offer a Selection of its Hymns and Meditations (Note A) to the Protestant Christian Reader; that he whose mind is attuned to holy things, who has a relish for those pure pleasures that spring from the Love of God, may likewise enjoy the beauties of these Compositions, which, whilst they warm, correct the heart.

I do not think myself bound to answer every objection that may be cast on a Publication so ill adapted to the Taste of the Times.—It bears so little of the Rust of Antiquity, as to preclude all reliance on that Recommendation; for however the Antique, and, in some cases, its slightest Vestige, be a sure way to public favour, with regard to Re-

* Austin's Devotions, lately published in its original state for the use of Papists.

ligion and Religious Writings it is the reverse. But the Necessity enforceth the Obligation on every sincere Christian to contribute his best, though it be a Mite, to correct the false Taste of the Age; and, whilst he endeavours to turn it from the pursuit of vanity, to quicken its Relish for the true, substantial Pleasures of Religion.

The Meditations — to pass by the Plan of the Book whence they are selected — bear a near resemblance, as to their Rhythm, (B) to our Translation of the Book of Psalms, from which the Author † has taken many Images and Expressions. I know not whether to term them Compositions of Prose or Verse; they are not indeed regularly metrical, and the returning line and versicle too frequently answer to the measure of the preceding former prose: They may be called — Numerous Prose Compositions. But, however, the frequent and apposite metaphorical Allusions with which they are embellished, render them truly poetical. (C) The Reading is often varied lest the ear should be fatigued by the reiterating of the same measure. A Motto, taken from Scripture, indicative of the Subject that follows, is prefixed to each Meditation, instead of the Antiphone with which, in the Original, the Psalms are introduced and closed. Such Sentences as but favoured of the Roman Opinions are either altered or entirely omitted. I have likewise ventured to alter some, perhaps too warm, and others

† For Particulars relative to his Life and Character, the Reader is referred to the Preface to the new Edition of Austin's Devotions, printed at Edinburgh, 1789.

SUNDAY MORNING.

H Y M N I.

BEHOLD, I come, O! Lord, to Thee,
And bow before thy Throne;
I come to offer on my Knee
My Vows to Thee alone!

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy Bounty freely gave;
Thou dost us here in Mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

But, O! can all our Store afford
No better Gifts to Thee?
Thus I confess thy Riches, Lord!
And thus my Poverty.

'Tis not my Tongue or Knee can pay
The mighty Debt I owe;
Far more I would, than I can say,
Far lower would I bow.

Come then, my Soul, bring all thy Pow'rs,
And grieve thou hast no more;
Bring every Day thy choicest Hours,
And thy great God adore.

But, above all, prepare thy Heart,
On this his own blest Day,
In the sweet Task to bear its Part,
And sing, and love, and pray.

SUNDAY MORNING.

MEDITATION I.

"This is the Day our Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." Psal. cxviii. 24.

WELCOME, blest Day! whereon the Sun of
Righteousness arose,
and chased away the Clouds of Fear!

Welcome, thou Birth-day of Man's Hopes;
a Day of Joy and Refreshment; a Day of Holiness and
Devotion!

Welcome to this dark World! may every Mind
be enlightened by thy Beams, and every frozen Heart
dissolve and sing,

"This is the Day our Lord hath made,
"let us rejoice and be glad therein."

This is the Day He hath sanctified to himself,
and called by his own most holy Name;

That in it we may meet to adore his Greatness,
and thankfully dwell upon the Multitude of his Mercies;
That we may visit his holy Temple,
and humbly present ourselves at his Altar ;

Where the Sacrifice of the Lamb is duly shewn,
the Memory of a Saviour's Love continually renew'd ;

Where the contrite Spirit pours forth its Vows,
and the faithful Penitent is assur'd of Pardon.

Worthy art Thou, O Lord ! of all my Time,
as Thou art worthy of all my Praise :

Every Moment of my Life is bound to bless Thee,
since every Moment subsists by thy Goodness :

Shall I employ the whole Week on myself,
and not offer in Gratitude one Day to Thee ?

To Thee—who bestow'st on me all I have,
and wilt give me hereafter more than I can hope ?

O gracious Lord ! whose Mercy accepts
such slender Payments as Man's Poverty affords ; *

Whose Bounty grants so liberally to him,
and retains so small a portion to Thyself ;

Make me faithfully to observe my Duty,
and render so exactly the Tribute I owe to Thee ;

That, passing still *thy* Days to thy Honour,
I may end *my own* in thy Favour !

* Note I.

MEDITATION II.

"But unto you that fear my Name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with Healing in his Wings." Mal. iv. 2.

WHEN the Harvest Sun provides a Cloud,
and seems to rest his wearied Beams,
'Tis not to save the Journey of his Light,
but to spare the Reaper's Head.

Much less seek'st Thou, O Lord! who mad'st the Sun
the Shadow of thy Glory, and inspir'st all Creatures to
represent thy Bounty;

Much less seek'st Thou, by the Reserve of a Day,
to procure thine own Repose:

Nor is it to increase thine own Eternity,
that thus Thou tak'st a Portion of our Time.

Thy Goodness friendly bears the Name,
but intends for us all the Profit of the Day;

That the wearied Hands may be reliev'd by Rest,
and enabled to lift themselves up to Thee;

That the ignorant Minds may be taught thy Truths,
and learn the Way to Happiness;

That the guilty Conscience may bewail its Crimes,
and be sooth'd with the Hopes of Pardon and Peace;

That the contrite Souls may approach thy Table,
and strengthen their Faith in Thee their Saviour;

That all may speak to Thee by Prayer, (1)
and hear thy Voice by the Mouth of thy Ministers.

O blessed Lord! how admirably does thy Wisdom
contrive
to bring us to Thyself!

Thou quick'nest our Affections by our mutual De-
votions,
Thou strength'nest our Faith, and improv'ft our Cha-
rity, by thy public Assemblies;

While we all meet together for the same blest End,
and by alternate Reflections increase our Fervours.

Happy they! whom thy Providence has favour'd
with all these Blessings!

But to whom Thou art pleased to deny such Mercies,
refuse not to extend thy Grace!

Be Thou but present, gracious God!
and fill them with thy Love;

No stronger Motives will they need to draw them,
no *other* (2) Temple to address their Prayers;

Since every Place where Thou art not, is unholy;
and where Thou art, is Joy and Peace.

(1) *Psalms* lxxv. 2.—O Thou that hearest Prayer, unto Thee shall all
Flesh come!

(2) *1 Cor.* iii. 16.—Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God,
and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

MEDITATION III.

"How dear are thy Counsels unto me, O God — O how great is the Sum of them!" Psal. cxxxix. 17.

* **T**HE Lord of Life is risen, and hath cloathed himself with immortal Glory!

He made the Angels Messengers (3) of his Victory, and Himself vouchsafed to bring the joyful Tidings. (4)

How many Ways, O Lord! did thy Wisdom invent to convince thy Followers,

and to settle in their Hearts a firm Ground of Hope!

Thou appearedst to the Women (5) on their Return from the Sepulchre,

and openedst their Eyes to know and adore Thee.

Thou didst o'ertake in the Way (6) the two that discoursed of Thee,

and madest their Hearts to (7) acknowledge thy Presence.

Thou shewedst thyself on the Shore, (8) to thy weary Disciples labouring at Sea;

Labouring all Night, alas! in vain,

without the Blessing of their beloved Master:

* Note II.

(3) St Mark xvi. 6.—St Luke xxiv. 6. (4) St John xx. 17, 19.

(5) St Mark xvi. 12. (6) St Luke xxiv. 13.

(7) St Luke xxiv. 32. (8) St John xxi. 4.

Thou revealedst thyself to them,
in the kind, known (9) Token of a beneficial Miracle.

Thro' the Doors, when shut, (1) thou swiftly passedst,
to carry Peace to thy comfortless Disciples.

How didst Thou condescend to eat (2) before them,
and invite them to touch thy then, impassible, Body!

How didst Thou provoke the incredulous Thomas,
(3) to thrust his Hand into thy wounded Side!

Actions unsuitable to thy glorified State,
but necessary to our slow Belief!

When at length thy Task was done,
and thy parting Hour from this Earth approach'd;

Thou tenderly gatheredst (4) thy Children about
Thee,
and in their full Sight ascendedst to Heav'n:

Leaving thy dearest Blessing on their Heads,
and promising them a Comforter to supply thine Ab-
sence.

"O how wonderful are thy Counsels, O Lord!
How great is the Sum of them!"

What tho' I mourn and be afflicted here,
and sigh under the Miseries of this World for a Time;
I trust that my Tears shall be turned into Joy;
a Joy which no one shall take from me!

(9) St Luke v. 4.—Not the *first* Miracle of this Kind.

(1) St John xx. 19. (2) St John xxi. 13. (3) St John xx. 27.

(4) St Luke xxiv. 50.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, (5)
who will appear at the last Great Day :

I shall see Him in whom I have so long believed,
I shall find Him whom I have so often sought :

I shall possess Him whom my Soul has loved,*
and be united to Him for ever who is the only End of
my Being.

M E D I T A T I O N IV.

*" He was received into Heaven, and sat on the Right-
Hand of God."* St Mark xvi. 19.

A WAKE, O my Soul ! behold the Glory
of thy crucified Saviour !

He, who died and was laid in the Grave,
to prove himself Man ;

Is risen and ascended into Heaven,
to prove himself G O D.

He is risen --- and hath made the Light his Garment,
and the Clouds the Chariot of his Triumph :

The Gates of Heav'n obey'd their Lord,
and the everlasting Doors opened to the King of
Glory. (6)

(5) Job xix. 25.

(6) Psalm xxiv. 7.

* Note III.

MED. IV. SUNDAY MORNING.

9

Whom have I in Heaven, O Lord! but Thee;
who returnedst thither to prepare (1) a Place for thy
Followers:

Whom have I on Earth but Thee, my Hope,
to lead me at last whither Thou art gone before?

O Saviour! my Strength, my Joy,
and the immortal Life of my Soul!

Draw (2) me from the World, and from myself,
that I be not entangled with earthly Desires!

Draw me, and I will follow Thee to thy Throne of
Bliss,
and rejoice with Thee for ever in thy Kingdom.

(1) St John xiv. 2.

(2) No Man cometh unto the Father but by me.

SUNDAY EVENING.

HYMN II.

O SAVIOUR! when, when will it be
 That I no more shall break with Thee!
 When will this War of Passions cease,
 And let my Soul enjoy thy Peace! ?

Here, I repent, and sin again; *
 Now I revive, and now am slain:
 Slain with the same unhappy Dart,
 Which, ah! so often wounds my Heart.

When, gracious Lord, when shall I be
 A Garden seal'd to all but Thee;
 No more expos'd, no more undone,
 But live and grow to Thee alone!

'Tis not, alas! on this low Earth
 That such pure Flow'rs can find a Birth:
 They only spring above the Skies,
 Where none can live till here he dies.

* Note IV.

MED. V. SUNDAY EVENING.

111

Then let me die, that I may go
And dwell where those bright Lillies grow;
Where those blest Plants of Glory rise,
And make a safer Paradise!

MEDITATION V.

—“*A Shadow of good Things to come.*” Heb. x. 1.

LET them, O Lord! seek other Delights,
who expect no Rewards from Thee.

As for me, my Joy on Earth shall be,
to meditate the Happiness of Hereafter:

All the few Years I live shall lay themselves out
to purchase that one eternal Day;

That Day, whose Brightness knows no Night,*
nor fears the least Eclipse;

Whose chearful Brow no Cloud o'ercasts,
nor Storm molests the Passage of its Rays;

But ever shines serene,
and fills with its Splendor the Heaven of Heav'ns.

It needs not the fading Lustre of our Sun,
nor the borrow'd Silver of the Moon:

* Note V.

The Sun that riseth there (1) is the Lamb,
and the Light that shines the Glory of God.

O! how beauteous things are written of Thee,
Thou City of the King of Heaven!

Thy Mansions are built of choicest Jewels,
and the Pavement of thy Streets is Gold : (2)

Down in the midst runs a chrystal River, (3)
perpetually flowing from the Throne of God ;

Whose Banks are crown'd with the Tree of Life,
which healeth all Wounds and giveth Immortality. †

Thus is the New Jerusalem adorn'd.

O! glorious City! how happy are thine Inhabitants!

Every Head wears a Crown, and every Hand
a Palm of Victory : (4)

Every Eye o'erflows with Joy,
and ev'ry Tongue with Psalms of Praise.

Behold! O my Soul! the Inheritance we seek;
the Joys, to which we are called!

Away, then, ye worldly Desires, be banish'd
from molesting my Peace!

Descend Thou blest Heaven into my Heart!
or --- take up my Heart to Thee!

Thy Joys are too great to enter into me;
O make me fit to enter into them!

(1) Rev. xxi. 23.

(2) Rev. xxi. 18.

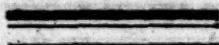
(3) Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

(4) Rev. vii. 9.

† Note VI.

Make me still meditate on my Country above,
there to establish an eternal Home,

Where I shall dwell in the View of my God,
and be for ever filled with the Glory of his Presence.



MEDITATION VI.

"As the Heavens are higher than the Earth, so are my Ways higher than your Ways, and my Thoughts than your Thoughts, saith the Lord." Isaiah lv. 9.

BLESS'D be thy Wisdom, O Lord!
that so mercifully stoops to our low Conceits!
Under these Veils thou hid'st thy glorious Mysteries,
too high and spiritual for Flesh and Blood:
Thou hid'st, or rather so revealest, thy sublime
Rewards,
as to take us with the Things we most admire.
Sceptres and Crowns, Thou know'st,
are apt to win the Hearts of us thy Children; *
Children, alas! too truly in useful Knowledge—
O! that we were so in Love and Duty!

* Note VII.

What is a Drop of Water to the boundless Ocean,
or a Grain of Dust to this vast Globe?

Such, and infinitely less, are the richest Kingdoms
on Earth,
to the meanest Degree in Heav'n.

When Thou hast fed us a while with Milk,
Thou invit'st our Appetite to stronger Meat :

Thou tell'st us of a Life of Happiness,
in the blest Society of Saints and Angels,

Thou tell'st us of still higher Joys ——
hearken, O my Soul ! with humble Reverence ——

Himself TH' ETERNAL will unveil,
and openly shew us that Great Secret. *

What is it, Lord ! to see thy Face,
but to know Thee as Thou art in thy Self-existing
Essence ?

To know the Power of the everlasting Father,
the Love and Wisdom of the increated Son :

To know the Goodness of the Holy Ghost,
and to dwell in the Glories of the undivided Trinity.

This, O my Soul ! is the height of Happiness,
this the Perfection † of our Nature :

This, this alone, the aim of our being,
the hope and end of all our labours.

* Note VII.

† Note IX.

When we are come to this, we rest,
and our satisfied desires reach no farther ;

But in one act of Joy are *eternally* fix'd —
for that one act springs fresh for ever. ‡



MEDITATION VII.

*" All the Days of my appointed Time will I wait 'till
my Change come."* Job xiv. 14.

ARISE ! my Soul ! to thee these joys belong,
lift up thyself on high !

Hail, happy Paradise of pure Delights !

Hail, blest Society of Saints and Angels !

Hail, ye, who in your Hymns remember them
that dwell in this Vale of Misery !

I hope one Day to join you, and to know and praise
the all-producing Cause.

When, without losing what I am,
I shall become even what He is.

Neither hath the Eye seen, Ear heard, (1)
nor can the Heart of Man conceive the joys of Heav'n.

‡ Note X.

(1) 1 Cor. ii. 9.

There I shall rest from Sin and Sorrow,
no longer to be troubled with myself or others.

O Lord! the eternal Source of all these Joys,
and infinitely more, and infinitely greater;

“As the Hart panteth after the Water-brooks,” (2)
so let my Soul thirst after Thee:

For my Sins let me daily sigh and mourn,
in Faith look up to Thee, and say,

“When shall I rest at the Fountain-head,
“and drink of the Streams which flow for ever from
thy Throne?!

“O that the Days of my Banishment were ended,*
“how is the Time of my Pilgrimage prolong’d!

“Why am I still detain’d in this Valley of Tears,
“still wand’ring up and down in this Wilderness of
“Dangers!?

“Come, my Deliverer, and here begin to dwell in
“my Heart,

“and fit me for the Life I hope to lead hereafter!

“Come, Lord! and prepare my Soul for Heav’n,
“and then, when Thou pleasest, take it to thyself!”

(2) Psalm xlii. 1.

* Note XI.

MEDITATION VIII.

"Blessed are the Poor in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." St Matt. v. 3.

GIVE me, O Lord! the Innocence of a Dove,
and fill my Soul with thy mild Spirit,

Then shall I not need its Wings,*
for the Kingdom of Heaven (1) will dwell in my Heart.

On the Proud Thou lookest afar off,
but inclin'st thine Ear to the humble and meek;

Who never intermeddle with the actions of others,
unless where Charity engageth them.

How sweetly do they sleep,
who retire to rest with a quiet Conscience!

Who after a day of faithful Industry,
in a Course of just and pious living,

Lay down their wearied Heads in Peace,
and safely rest in the Bosom of Providence.

This too, my Soul, should be thy Care,
to note, and censure, and correct thyself:†

* Note XII.

† Note X.II.

(1) Isa. lvii. 15.—And St Luke xvii. 21.

Let, then, the worldly follow their ways;
for what are their ways to thee,
who shalt not answer for others if thou partake not
in their sins. (2)

Thy Pity may grieve, and thy Charity endeavour,
but if they will not hear, follow thou thy God.

Follow the Footsteps of thy Saviour,
who alone is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life:" (3)

Follow his Holiness in what He did,
his Patience in what He suffered:

Follow thy (4) faithful Lord to the End,
and thou art sure in the End to possess Him for ever.

M E D I T A T I O N IX.

"Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's." Rom. xiv. 8,

MEELINESS is the Heav'n of this Life,
will qualify my Miseries, and make my Time
pass gently away:

But to be fully happy I must wait till hereafter,
till thy Mercy, O God, lead me to mine End;

That glorious End, for which Mankind was made,
and all things visible, to serve us on our way.

(2) 1 Tim. v. 22.

(3) St John xiv. 6.

(4) Heb. x. 23.—"He is faithful who promised,"

'Twas not to sport our Time in Pleasures,
that Thou didst place us here :

But to do good to ourselves and others,
and glorify Thee in improving thy Creatures :

To increase every Day our Desire
of beholding Thee as Thou art, in thine own bright *Self*.

— May my Affections, *therefore*, delight in Thee,
above all the vain Employments of this World !

Above all Praise and empty Honour,
above all Beauty and fading Pleasure !

May I * deny (5) myself to follow Thee,
and fill my Memory with the Wonders of thy Love :

That infinite Love, which when my Thoughts con-
sider,

not as it deserves, but as they're able,

The Goods and Ills of this Life lose their Name,
and yield not either Relish or Distaste.

Let me then love Thee alone, my Saviour,
† because (6) Thou alone deservest all my Heart.

“ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to
“ the Holy Ghost —
“ as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be
“ World without end.” *Amen!*

* Note XIV.

† Note XV.

(5) St Matt. xvi. 24.

(6) We love God because he first loved us.—1 John iv. 19.

MONDAY MORNING.

H Y M N III.

WAKE now, my Soul, and humbly hear
 What thy mild Lord commands!
 Each Word of his will charm thine Ear,
 Each Word will guide thine Hands.

Hark! how his kind and tender Care
 Complies with our weak Minds;
 Whate'er our State and Tempers are,
 Still some fit Work he finds.

They that are merry, let them sing;
 And let the sad Hearts pray;
 Let those still ply their chearful Wing,
 And these their sober Day.

So mounts the early warbling Lark
 Still upwards to the Skies;
 So fits the Turtle in the Dark
 Amidst her plaintive Cries.

HYMN III. MONDAY MORNING.

21

And yet the Lark and yet the Dove
Both sing, tho' diff'rent Parts;
And so should we, howe'er we move,
With light or heavy Hearts.

Or rather we should, each, assay
And our cross notes unite;
Both Grief and Joy should sing and pray,
Since both such Hopes invite.

Hopes that all present Sorrow heal,
All present Joy transcend;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel
Delights that never end.

MEDITATION X.

*"Thou art about my Bed and about my Path, and
spieshest out all my Ways."* Psalm cxxxix. 2.

HAPPY are they, who every where
adore their Maker!

Who live on Earth as in the Sight of the
King of Heaven, and can always say in their Hearts,
"Our God is here!"

Tho' his Throne of State be establish'd above,
and the Splendors of his Glory shine only on the Blessed,
Yet, his unlimited Eye looks down on this lower
World,

and beholds all the Ways of the Children of Adam.*

When I go out, He marks my Steps; and when I
retire,

my closet excludes him not. (1)

If I deceive my Neighbour, He spies the Fraud,
and hears the least Whisper of a slandering Tongue.

If in secret I oppress the Poor; or by Alms
relieve their Wants;

If in my Heart I murmur at the Rich,
or live contented with my little Portion:

Whate'er I do, He perfectly sees me; where'er I am,
my God is with me.

What canst Thou find, O Lord, that here deserves
thy Sight,
amidst the Trifles of our empty World;

What canst Thou find, alas! that should not fear
thy Sight,
amidst the Follies of our vicious Lives?!

Thou graciously standest by to see us work,
that thine awful Eye may quicken our Diligence;

Thou art still at hand to relieve our Wants,
that so friendly a nearness may increase our Confidence;

* Note XVI.

(1) Psalm cxxxix. 3.

Thou appearest still ready to punish our Sins,
that the Shake of thy Rod may prevent our Miseries.

Surely thy Favours must needs engage us,
since even thy Threat'nings have so much Mercy:

Surely we must be worse than blind,
if to thy very Face we dare be wicked.

— Henceforth, O gracious Lord! as a Child
freely plays in the Presence of an indulgent Father;

So make me still, with humble Boldness,
rejoice before Thee, my merciful Creator.

O temper thus my Love with Reverence,
and thus allay my Fear with Hope! †

MEDITATION XI.

*"Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock,
and it shall be opened unto you."* St Matt. vii. 7.

MY God! since Thou art never absent from me,
let me be always present with Thee:

Every where let me seek Thee,* every where
let me delight to find Thee.

† Note XVII.

* Note XVIII.

Thou willingly inclinest thine Ear
to the Prayers that come from a fervent Heart;

If Thou sometimes defer to grant my Requests, †
'tis only in Charity to make me repeat them:

That I may more sensibly feel my own Poverty,
and be more strongly convinced of my Dependance on
Thee:

That I may practise my Hope while I long expect,
and increase my Gratitude when I at last receive:

That I may learn this happy Skill
of working in my Soul the Virtues I desire;

By often renewing those very Desires
till themselves become the Graces I seek. ‡

But—O improvident Man!—How unwilling to pray
are most of us always, and the best of us sometimes!

As for me, O Lord! often when I speak to Thee
I do not so much as hear myself. §

Often I pursue impertinent Objects,
and my careless Thoughts contradict my Words,

Yet still I have new Transgressions to confess,
and shall never want Infirmities to lament.

But, O Thou blessed End of my Labours,
and only Center of my Wishes,

Reclaim my wand'ring Fancy,
and fix it on thy Service!

† Note XIX.

‡ Note XX.

§ Note XXI.

Night and Day let me call on Thee,
nor cease to knock till the Door be opened.

Let no Delay discourage, nor even Refusal
destroy my Confidence;

But on this firm Foundation let me stay,
"What's truly needful thy Goodness will grant,
"the rest my Obedience submits to thy Pleasure."

MEDITATION XII.

"Te ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

St James iv. 3.

DELIVER me, O Lord! from asking of Thee,
what I cannot receive without danger to myself!

Deliver me from so presuming on thy Bounty,
as to neglect my own Duty!

Still to my Devotion let me join Endeavours,
and so make Earth comply with Heaven.

If I implore Thee to relieve my Necessities,
let me faithfully labour with my Hands;

And not expect a Blessing from the Clouds
on the idle Follies of an undisciplin'd Life.

D

When I beg Grace for Victory o'er my Passions,
let me constantly strive to resist their Assaults :

Let me wisely foresee my particular (1) Danger,
and use a fit Weapon against every Sin.

To obtain the Gift of Chastity I must mortify Sense,
and flee from the slightest Temptation.

For in vain I approach thy holy Altar,
if my Life prepare not the way for my Offerings. *

Thou shuttest thine Ears to my loudest Prayers,
if I open not mine to the Voice of the Poor.

Thou deniest to pardon my Trespases against Thee,
if I have not already forgiven mine offending Brother.

O the extreme Benignity of our God,
who treats with his Creatures upon equal Terms !

Who deals no otherwise with us miserable wretches
than we ourselves *commerce* † with each other !

He promises to give us the Measure we give our
Neighbours,
and performs more than he promises ;

(2) " Pressed down, and shaken together, and run-
ning over,
" into the Bosoms of them that love him."

Such, O my God ! is the Bounty of thy Goodness,
and such the Patience of thy generous Hand :

Thou holdest thy Blessings hov'ring o'er our Heads,
still watching the Time we are fit to receive them :

(1) Heb. xii. 1. * Note XXII. † Note XXIII. (2) St Luke vi. 38.

And even that Temper which disposeth us for thy
Blessings,
entirely depends upon thy Favour ;

Every Condition Thou requirest on our Part,
being nothing else than thine own free Gift.

Thy Mercy alone is the Fountain of all our Blessings,
and in what Channel soever they flow to us, *
they spring from Thee.

MEDITATION XIII.

*" Praise the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within
me praise his holy Name." Psal. ciii. 1.*

TOO glorious art Thou, O Lord ! in thyself,
and thy direct Rays shine too bright for our Eyes;
The Voice of Angels is too low to reach thy Worth,
and their highest Strains fall infinitely short of Thee ;
How dare † we then attempt thy Praises,
how dare our sin-polluted lips pronounce thy Name !
Yet we may venture to praise Thee in thy Works,
and contemplate Thee reflected from thy Creatures ;

* Note XXIV.

† Note XXV.

Every Element is filled with thy Wisdom,
and all the World with thy liberal Miracles.

Thou spakédst, and they were made;
Thou commandest, and they are preserved:

Thou governest their Motions in perfect Order,
and distributest to each its proper Office;

Contriving the whole into one vast Machine,
a spacious THEATRE OF THY GREATNESS.

O glorious Architect of universal Nature,
who disposetest all things in number, weight, and measure;

How doth thy Wisdom engage us to adore,
and thy Goodness oblige (3) us to love Thee!

Nor for themselves alone, O gracious God!
did thy Hand produce the happy Spirits;

But to receive in Charge (4) thy little Flock,
and safe conduct it to the Folds of Bliss.

Not for itself at all
was this visible Creation form'd;

But to sustain our Lives in the Way,
and carry us on to our eternal Home.

— O may I praise Thee, Lord! for all thy Gifts,
but above all still value the Giver!

May every Blessing be a Motive of Gratitude,
and every Creature a step of approach towards Thee!

So shall I faithfully observe their End,
and happily arrive at mine;

(3) 2 Cor. v. 14.

(4) Heb. i. 14.

Using them only as appointed Means
to prepare me for the Life of Heaven.

But have I well considered the End of my own Being,
and faithfully complied with thy Purpose to save me?!

No —— I frequently neglect thy Rules,
and my Actions are the Effects of Humour or Chance.

But — Pardon, O Lord! my past Ingratitude,
and mercifully direct my Time to come:

Make my Senses subject to Reason,
and my Reason obedient to thy Will.

This is the Praise, this the Honor
Thou requirest of Man;

That by observing the Orders Thou appointest him
here,
in this lower region of motion and change,

He may grow up to be happy hereafter,
in a State of Permanency and eternal Rest.

MONDAY EVENING.

H Y M N IV.

NOW, my Soul, the Day is done
Which in the Morn was thine;
Now its Glafs no more doth run,
Its Sun no longer shine.

True — alas ! the Day is gone ;
O ! were it only so !
Is't not lost as well as done ?
Cast up your 'counts and know,

Are we so much nearer Heav'n,
As to the Grave we bow ?
Has our Sorrow made all even,
And clear'd the Debts we owe ?

From what Vice have we refrain'd,
To break the Course of Sin ?
What new Virtue have we gain'd,
To make us rich within ?

HYMN IV. MONDAY EVENING.

31

Time is well bestow'd on those
Who well their Time bestow;
Whose main Concern still forward goes,
Whose Hopes still riper grow.

Who, whene'er the Clocks proclaim
"Another Hour is past,"
Have an Art to set their Aim,
And Thoughts upon their last —

That, their last and happiest Hour,
Which brings them to their Home;
Where they sing and praise the Pow'r,
That made them thither come.

O my God of Life and Death,
My ever-living King,
Since 'Thou giv'st to all their Breath,
May all thy Glory sing!

MEDITATION XIV.

"To know Thee is perfect Righteousness; yea, to know thy Power is the Root of Immortality." Wisd. xv. 3.

LET me consider, O God, let me thankfully remember,
what Thou art to Man.

Thou art the Great Beginning of our nature,
the Glorious End of all our actions :

Thou art the overflowing Source whence we spring,
and the immense Ocean into which we tend : *

The free Bestower of all we possess,
and faithful Promiser of future Blessings :

The merciful Scourger of our Sins,
and bounteous Rewarder of our Obedience :

The safe Conductor of our Pilgrimage,
and the Eternal Rest of wearied Souls.

Such Words our Narrowness is constrained to use,
when we endeavour to express thy Bounties :

Wider a little can our Thoughts extend,
yet infinitely less than the least of thy Mercies.

— Tell me thyself, O Thou mild Instructor
of the Ignorant, what Thou art to me !

Say to my Soul "I am thy Salvation," (1)
but say it so that I may feel it.

* Note XXVI.

(1) Psalm xxxv. 3.

MEDITATION XV.

"What is Man, that Thou art mindful of him — and the Son of Man, that Thou so regardest him?" Psal. viii. 4.

"The thoughts of" man's "heart only evil." Gen. vi. 5.

LET me now consider, O God! let me humbly remember,
what Man is to Thee.

We, who are nothing in ourselves,
what can we be to thy Immensity!

Thou—who art all things in thine own rich Fulness;
—what canst Thou receive from our Poverty!

This only we are to Thee, O great Creator!
the unthankful Objects of thy Bounty:

This only we are to Thee, O dear Redeemer!
the unworthy Cause of thy Sufferings.

Guilty we committed the Crime, and Thou
with thine Innocency sustainedst the Punishment.

We went astray from the Path of Life,
and thy Mercy came to seek, and to bring us home
to the Discipline of thy Love.

E

Thou knowest the Danger of our wilful Nature;
and therefore striv'st, by greatest Fears and greatest
Hopes,

And all the wisest Arts of Love,
to draw us to Thyself, and endow us with thy Kingdom.

Unhappy we! whose Frowardness requires so strange
Proceedings

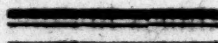
to force upon us our own Salvation!

Happy we! whose wants have met with so kind a
Hand,

that needed but our Emptiness to engage him to fill it!

Happy yet more, since our Lord, who so favours us
now,

will crown us at the last with his own Rewards!



M E D I T A T I O N XVI.

*"The Day is thine, and the Night is thine; Thou
hast prepared the Light and the Sun."* Psal. lxxiv. 17.

IN every thing, O God! I see thy Hand,
in every Event thy gracious Providence.

Thou wisely governeest the House Thou hast built,
and preventest with thy Mercies all our Wants:

Thou callest us forth in the Morning,
and sheddest light by the Beams of thy Sun;

That every one may labour in his Station,
and fill the Place appointed for him in the World.

Thou providest a Rest for the Evening,
and favourest our Sleep with Darkness;

To refresh our Bodies in the Shade of Night,
and restore the Waste of our decaying Spirits.

Thus hath thy Wisdom mix'd our Life,
and beautifully interwoven it of Rest and Work;

Whose mutual Changes sweeten each other,
and both prepare us for our greatest Duty;

Of finishing here the Work of our Salvation,
to rest hereafter in thy holy Peace.

MEDITATION XVII.

" My Times are in thy Hand." Psal. xxxi. 15.

THY Bounty yields all other Things, O Lord!
with a large and open Hand —

Our Fields at once are covered with Corn,
and Thou sendest whole Show'rs of other Blessings;

Only our Time Thou distill'st by Drops,
and never givest us two moments at once;

But takest away one when Thou lendest another,
to teach us the Price of so rich a Jewel. *

That we may learn to value every Hour,
and not childishly spend it on empty Trifles :

Much less maliciously murder whole Days
in pursuing a Course of Sin and Shame.

—Lord ! as Thou thus hast taught my Ignorance,
so let thy Grace enable my Weakness,

Wisely to manage the Time Thou lendest,
and still press on to new degrees of Improvement ;

That with my few, but well-spent Years,
I may purchase to myself a bless'd Eternity :

And, O Thou Saviour of Mankind ! in whose in-
dulgent Hands
are both our Time and our Eternity ;

Whose Providence gives every Minute of our Life,
and governs the fatal Period of our Death,

Make every Evening still provide
to pass with Comfort that important Hour ;

That if I rise no more to my Acquaintance here,
I may joyfully awake among thy blessed Angels,

There to unite my Hymns with theirs,
and join with them in one full Choir —

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without End. *Amen !*

TUESDAY MORNING.

H Y M N V.

PRAISE, O my Soul, the gracious Hand
 That brought me to this Light;
 That gave his Angels strict Command
 To be my Guard this Night!

When I laid down my weary Head,
 And Sleep seal'd up my Eye,
 They stood and watch'd about my Bed,
 And let no Harm come nigh.

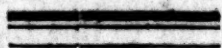
Now I am up, they still go on
 And guide me thro' the Day;
 They never leave their Charge alone,
 Whate'er befalls my Way.

But, O my God! how many Snares
 Lie spread before my Feet!
 In all my Joys, in all my Cares,
 Some Danger still I meet.

38 TUESDAY MORNING. MED. XVIII.

The darling Sin doth oft o'ertake
And on my Weakness win;
Sometimes myself my Ruin make,
And I o'ertake the Sin.

Save me, O Lord! to Thee I cry,
From whom all Blessings spring;
I on thy Grace alone rely,
Thy Praise, thy Glory sing!



MEDITATION XVIII.

"Why do we boast as if we had not received it?"

I Cor. iv. 7.

NOT unto us, O Lord! not unto us,
but unto thy Name be all the Glory. (1)

When we've applied our utmost Care,
and used all our Diligence;

What can we do but look up to Thee,
to second our Endeavours by thy Spirit!

(1) Psalm cxv. 1.

When we've implor'd thy Mercy,
and offered to Thee our dearest Sacrifice;

What can we do but submit our Hopes,
and await the Event from thy free Goodness?

I know, Thyself hast taught me,
unless Thou (2) "keep the City, the Watchman wa-
keth but in vain."

I know, and my own Experience tells me,
unless Thou reach thine Hand I presently sink.

Every Moment of my Day subsists by Thee,
and every Step I take moves by thy Strength.

But — are we not all thy Creatures, O God,
as helpless Children hanging on thy Providence?

Behold, I confess, O Lord,
in Thee I live, and move, and have my Being. (3)

Others may tell me the Way I should go,
but Thou alone canst enable me to walk in it.

Should I presume to divide thy Grace,
proudly challenging any Share to myself—

Thy mighty Truth stands up against me, (4)
and my own Infirmities plainly confute me.

Shouldst Thou closely examine my Heart,
and ask who works all good Thoughts in it;

(2) Psal. cxxvii. 1.

(3) Acts xvii. 28.

(4) Eph. ii. 8. — "By Grace ye are saved through Faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the Gift of God."

40 TUESDAY MORNING. MED. XIX.

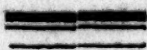
Surely I must bow down my Head, and humbly say,
Nothing am I, O Lord, but what Thou hast made me,
nothing have I but what Thou hast given me :

(5) Only my Sins are entirely my own, * which,
O, may thy Grace blot out for ever !

May all Self-prefumption die in me,
and my whole Confidence live only in Thee.

May even my Frailties make me more strong,
and my being nothing (6) teach me to be humble.

So shall thy Strength, O Lord, be magnified in my
Weakness,
and thy Mercy triumph in the Relief of my Misery.



MEDITATION XIX.

" Altho' the Fig-tree † shall not blossom." Heb. iii. 17.

THUS Man depends, and happy in this Dependance,
did he but know his own true Interest.

Let me then sit down in Peace,
resting securely in the Bosom of Providence.

(5) Rom. vii. 18.

* Note XXVIII.

(6) 2 Cor. vi. 10.—" Having nothing, yet possessing all Things."

† Note XXIX.

Every Accident may improve a Virtue,
and every Virtue is a step of approach towards God.

Whate'er befalls, let this be my constant Rule,
— "to provide for the future life, and be contented
with the present."

Shall I not patiently accept a little Evil,
from Him who has given me so much Good?

Shall the being without some one thing I need not,
more sensibly affect me than the having all I need?

Ungrateful that I am! the common Benefits which
all enjoy,
deserve the Thanksgivings of a whole Life:

But for those high supernatural Blessings,
the Son of God to redeem, and Heaven to reward me;

What shall I say! — If I would speak of them,
they are more than I am able (7) to express.

Can I then yet complain
that others are more prosperous than I?

Should I not rather look on the Miseries of others,
and bless our God who has preserved me from them?

'Tis but interpreting the worst Condition well,
to find Motives enow for Gratitude to God:

'Tis but interpreting the best Condition frowardly,
to find Defects enow to make myself miserable.

(7) Psalm xl. 5.

Would Man humbly adore his Maker,
he would readily trust him to rule his own World :
And could he decypher the Character of his Decrees,
he would read in each Syllable a perfect Harmony.

Suffer me not then, O God, to follow my private
Spirit,

lest I create to myself a voluntary Misery ;

Still let me construe the Afflictions Thou sendest,
as meant to correct, not to destroy me ;

To prevent some Sin, or beget some Virtue :
— for when I no longer need Afflictions,
Thou wilt remove either me, or them.

Meanwhile, O gracious Father,
make me patiently await thy Time !

Make me rejoice that my Lot is in thine Hand,
but — O let thy Mercy choose favorably for me !

Dispose as Thou pleasest my Condition here —
only my Portion hereafter — let *That* be blessed !

TUESDAY EVENING.

H Y M N VI.

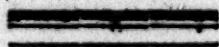
BLESSED, O Lord, be thy wise Grace
That governs all my Day,
And to the Night assigns its Place,
To rest me in my Way!

If Works the lab'ring Hand impair,
Or Thoughts the studious Mind;
Both are consider'd by thy Care,
Both fit Refreshment find:

Fit to relieve their present State,
And guide them to the next;
While they are taught to meditate
This plain and useful Text;

" As every Night lays down my Head,
" And Morning opes mine Eyes;
" So shall the Dust be once my Bed,
" And so I hope to rise:

" To rise — and see th' all-beauteous Light
 " Spring from the Fount divine;
 " Not to be check'd by any Night,
 " But clear for ever shine."



MEDITATION XX.

" When thy Judgments are in the Earth, the Inhabitants of the World will learn Righteousness." Isa. xxvi. 9.

SPEAK no more proudly, vain Dust,
nor provoke the living God!

Remember how the Clouds rain'd Fire and Brimstone,
and buried whole Cities in their own Ashes:

Remember how the Deluge o'erspread the World,
and swept away impenitent Mankind.

Reflect, and ask the Cause,
proclaim it to the bold Offender;

Tell him 'twas Sin, and such as his,
that drew from Heaven so swift Destruction.

— Can I repeat these amazing Truths,
and not tremble at the Wrath of JUSTICE?

Can I consider the End of Sinners,
and still go on in the Ways of Sin?

Even while I speak thy Praises, Lord,
my very Duty should fear before Thee.

What should corrupted Nature then do,
when it sees itself ready to offend Thee!

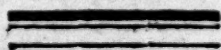
What should a guilty Conscience do,
when it feels itself ruin'd by offending Thee!

Strike Thou my Heart, O infinite Majesty,
with an awful Reverence of thy great Name!

Correct my many Levities into a pious Sadness,
and bend my proud Spirit to thy Will!

Still may my Conscience cry within me,
“darest thou commit this Evil, and sin against God?”

O forbid it, gracious Lord,
and make thy Judgments on others Mercies to me!



MEDITATION XXI.

*“Mercy and Truth are met together—Righteousness and
Peace have kissed each other.”* Psal. lxxxv. 10.

HE, who is thus infinite in Power to punish,
is also infinite in Goodness to save.

How often have I broken his Comands!—
yet still his Earth sustains and serves me.

How often have I abus'd his Fulness of Bread !
yet still his Clouds show'r Plenty upon me.

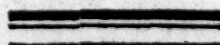
Only the ambitious Angels find no Forgiveness,
because their Obstinacy refuses to seek it. *

But, O the Excess of Bounty vouchsafed to Man !
The King of Heaven humbled himself
to dwell upon the Earth ;

Leading a poor laborious Life,
and suffering a painful ignominious Death ;

To teach Man how to live, and die,
to labour, and suffer for his own Happiness.

—Thy Mercies, O Lord, are over all thy Works,
and this above all thy Mercies !



MEDITATION XXII.

" The Eyes of all wait upon Thee." Psal. cxlv. 15.

HOW ingrateful am I !
how strangely insensible to my manifest Duty !
Every Creature hears thy Voice, O God !
and lives by thy Rule, but I.

* Note XXX.

MED. XXII. TUESDAY EVENING. 47

The Sun observes his constant Rising,
and sets exactly at his appointed Time.

The Sun stands still at thy Command,
the Sun goes back to obey thy Voice — (8)

And yet seeks no Reward,
nor expects to be placed in a higher Heaven.

But Man, who looks for such glorious Promises,
and aims no lower than the Heav'n of Heavens;

Shall He, redeemed by the Blood of Jesus,
neglect so great Salvation?

Shall he slight Him, whose kind Intent
is to draw him to his Love?

Shall he despise so generous a love,
whose only effect is to make him happy?

— May thy Will, O Lord, be my only Rule,
thy Hand my only Guide!



MEDITATION XXIII.

*"The Day is thine, the Night also is thine;
Thou hast prepared the Light and the Sun."* Pl. lxxiv. 16.

TWAS not alone to make the Day,
that Thou, O Lord, didst make the Sun;

(8) Joshua x. 12.

48 TUESDAY EVENING. MED. XXIII.

But to teach Man these pious Lessons,
and to write them plainly as its own bright Beams;

“ So let your Light shine forth to others; (9)
“ so your Charity warm their Coldness.”

Thus when they say — “ You are under a Cloud — ”
I will, like the Sun, be really above it :

And, tho’ I appear sometimes eclips’d,
or e’en extinguish’d in a Night of Sorrow,

Still will I shine to myself and Thee,
and still go on in the Ways of Light :

Still, like the regular Sun, unchangedly expect
the appointed Periods of Bright and Dark :

Only in this we disagree — and —
— blest’d be my God who made the Difference !

Not like the Sun, that every Night goes down,
and must at last be quite put out ; (1)

When I have finish’d here my Course,
and seem to set to this dark Earth ;

I hope to rise and set no more, *
but shine perpetually in a brighter Heaven.

(9) St Matt. v. 16.

(1) St Mark xiii. 24, 25.

* Note XXXI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

H Y M N VII.

LORD! I again lift up mine Eyes,
And leave my sluggish Bed;
But why I wake, and why I rise,
Comes seldom in my Head.

Is it to sweat and toil for Wealth,
Or sport my Time away;
That Thou preserv'st me still in Health,
And giv'st me this new Day?

No, no — unskilful Soul — not so,
Be not deceiv'd with Toys;
Thy Lord's Commands more wisely go,
And aim at higher Joys.

They bid me 'wake to seek new Grace,
And some fresh Virtue gain;
They call me up to mend my Pace,
Till I the Prize attain.

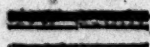
50 WEDNESDAY MORNING. HYMN VII.

That glorious Prize for which all run,
Who wisely spend their Breath;
Who, when this weary Life is done,
Are sure of Rest in Death.

Not such a Rest as here they prove,
Disturb'd with Cares and Fears:
But endless Joy, and Peace, and Love,
Unmix'd with Grief and Tears.

Glory to Thee, O bounteous Lord,
Who giv'st to all Things Breath!
Glory to Thee, Eternal Word,
Who sav'st me by thy Death!

Glory, O blessed Spirit, to Thee,
Who fill'st my Soul with Love!
Glory to all the sacred Three,
Who reign one God above!



M E D I T A T I O N XXIV.

"Depart from me, ye cursed." St Matt. xxv. 41.

WHY dost thou laugh, unhappy Wretch,
and weary thyself in the Ways of Sin?

Awake, and chase the Dream away,
that deludes thy sick Head with empty Vanities!
Whither, alas! will thy Soul be hurried, when, de-
spairing,
thou sigh'st forth thy last faint Breath?

Thither — where Memory will renew thy Sorrows,
where the Worm of Conscience dieth not. *

At the last great Day, the Impenitent
will call to the Mountains to fall on them,
and to the Hills to cover them:

—Nothing shall fall on them but the Wrath of God,
nothing shall cover them but their own Confusion.

Then will each Vice, produced of its own Corruption,
receive its proper Punishment.

Thus wilt thou, miserable Sinner,
wail forth thy late Remorse——

“What now avail the wanton Pleasures

“I so eagerly pursued!

“What Comfort to me now the Opinion of the

“World,

“and the faithless Riches I so highly priz'd!

“They all are vanish'd as a Cloud,

“and nothing left me but Regret!”

O, sad Expectance of a dissolute Life!

O, dreadful Consequence of an impenitent Death!

* Note XXXII.

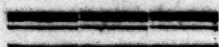
52 WEDNESDAY MORNING. MED. XXIV.

For ever to long for what cannot be enjoy'd;
for ever to suffer what cannot be avoided!

—— Bles'd be thy Providence, O God,
that with such tender Care forewarns me of my Danger!

O! save me from the Sinner's Doom!
Save me for thy Mercy's Sake!

Make me fearful to do, what, when done,
will make me miserable to suffer! †



M E D I T A T I O N XXV.

—— “ *not to me only, but to all
them that love his appearing.*” 2 Tim. iv. 8.

WHY dost thou mourn, thou Child of Light,
to whom belong such glorious Promises;
Who feed'st on the Fruits of Piety,
the continual feast of a good Conscience;
Who tastest already the Sweetness of Hope,
hereafter to be satisfied with the Fulness of Joy?
There — where freed from Temptation,
no more to be cross'd by thyself or others —

† Note XXXIII.

MED. XXV. WEDNESDAY MORNING. 53

There every Virtue shall wear its proper Crown,
and shine in a Diadem fit for its own Head ;

There shalt thou rejoice in a glorified Body,
in the Perfections of an enlarged Soul ;

In the Society of Saints and Angels,
in the Presence of thy God and Saviour.

Then wilt thou bless the true Friend that reproved
thee,

and the charitable Hand that led thee to Happiness.

O, sweet Expectance of a pious Life !

O, happy Consequence of an holy Death !

For ever to be free from what can afflict,
for ever to enjoy all that can delight !

— Bless'd be thy Providence, O God,
that, with so large a Bounty, invites me to Happiness—

Engaging, by the Means most apt to take me,
a Love of Myself and mine own Interest !

As Thou hast prepared such Joys for me,
I implore thy Grace to prepare me for them :

Still let me labour, still let me suffer ; *
my Troubles are short, my Joys eternal.

* Note XXXIV.

MEDITATION XXVI.

“What will it profit a Man to gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul? or what shall a Man give in Exchange for his Soul?” St Mark viii. 36.

COME, now, my Soul, and choofe,
for Life and Death are fet before thee : (1)

Choofe, while thy Lord allows thee Day,
left the Night of Darknefs o’erfake thy Neglect.

Choofe, but remember an Eternity is concern’d;
examine well e’er thou resolve.

Call all the Pleasures of the World before thee,
and look if any of them be worth thy seeking.

Dost thou expect Quiet by enjoying them,
or Happinefs by their Procurement?

Will they protect thee at the Hour of Death,
or plead thy Cause at the Day of Judgment?

“Ah! no — they but deceive me with their Smiles,
“which I too oft have prov’d by dear Experience.

“’Tis Heav’n alone that can satisfy my Soul.

“Turn away mine Eyes then, O Lord, left they

“behold Vanity,

“and quicken me in thy Law!” (2)

(1) Deut. xxx. 15.

(2) Psal. cxix. 37.

MED. XXVI. WEDNESDAY MORNING. 55

Here we move slowly in the Dark,
led on by the Argument of Things not seen : (3)

But did we clearly see what we *say* we believe,
soon should we turn unto God.

Could we discern the Damned in their Torments,
how should we fear to follow them in their Sins —
which plung'd them into endless Misery !

Could we but see the Glories of the Blessed,
how carefully should we study to imitate their Virtues—
which led them to endless Happiness !

Nay — my Soul — could'st thou now taste
the Joys of Heav'n, what Exercise on Earth
for thy Life of Trial ?

Rather let me say — did our Faith but firmly believe
the Truths we every Day recite ;

What would we not do to attain those Joys !
What would we not do to escape those Sorrows !

Would the Pardon of an Injury be too hard a Law,
or the making Restitution too dear a Price ?

Yet is all this as sure as if we saw it,
and would move us as much if we *vital*ly believ'd. *

If we consider'd what a Christian *must* believe,
we could not live so like Heathens as we do.

Pity, O Lord, my Frailty !
and suffer not my Blindness to be my Ruin !

(3) 2 Cor. iv. 18.

* Note XXXV.

56 WEDNESDAY MORNING. MED. XXVI.

Supply my Want of Sight by a lively Faith,
and strengthen my Faith by thy Grace!

Make me choose wisely, and pursue my Choice,
then will I serve Thee in Fear, and rejoice before Thee
in Hope and Love!

H Y M N VIII.

AND do I then believe
There is a Life to come,
When all the World shall summon'd be
To take their final Doom?

Is there a Heav'n, indeed,
To crown the Innocent?
Is there a Hell and horrid Pains
The Wicked to torment?

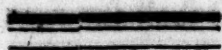
Are these eternal too,
And never to have end?
Shall never these Delights decay,
Those Sorrows never mend?

God's Word proclaims it true;
And sure most true it is:
And yet I live, as if there were
Nothing so false as this.

O quicken, Lord, my Faith
Of these great Joys and Fears;
And let the last Day's Trumpet be
Still sounding in my Ears!

58 WEDNESDAY EVENING. MED. XXVII.

Still make this glorious Hope
Shine bright before mine Eyes :
—I shall at last go up to meet
My Saviour in the Skies.



M E D I T A T I O N XXVII.

“ Lord, save us, we perish ! ” St Matt. viii. 25.

HOW secure and quiet they live,
whom thy Grace, O Lord ! preserves in Innocence !

The Spirits of their Fancies run calm and even,
and ebb and flow, in obedience to Reason :

Their Day passeth smoothly over their Heads,
peaceful, and silent as the Shadow of a Dial.

Not so, a Life subject to Humour,
and the Rule of varying Passions,

Which often engage us in contentions,
embittering our Lives with Strife and Envy ;

Inmates, that quarrel among themselves,*
raising a war in our own Bosoms :

* Note XXXVI.

MED. XXVIII. WEDNESDAY EVENING. 59

If they agree, and in one Desire succeed,
seldom do they produce the expected Content:

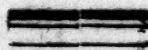
When they delight our Taste,
they most undo us, by feeding our Disease.

—Lord, save me, I perish!
awake, and with thy Mercy rescue thy Servant!

Calm Thou the Tempest of my Soul!
then shall I return to my former Peace:

Peace with the Bad, by bearing their Injuries; *
Peace with the Good, by conforming to their Virtues:

Peace with myself, by subduing Sense to Reason;
and—with Thee, by improving Reason with Religion.



MEDITATION. XXVIII.

*“Then He arose, and rebuked the Winds and the Sea;
and there was a great Calm.” St Matt. viii. 26.*

LORD, as thine All-wise Providence seems to
sleep sometimes,
and permits the Storm to grow high and loud;

* Note XXXVII.

60 WEDNESDAY EVENING. MED. XXVIII.

Yet never faileth to relieve thy Servants,
who faithfully call on Thee in their Day of Trial;

So let thine hand still bear me up,
when I am pressed by Temptation.

Leave me not, then, to my natural Infirmities,
lest the Enemy prevail against me:

For sake not my fallen Misery,
lest I lie groveling on the Earth:

Suffer not my Frailties to become Habits,
lest I die impenitent, and perish for ever!

Deliver me, O Lord, from the occasions of Sin,
and the Importunities of such as delight in Folly!

Deliver me from the Snare of enticing Company,
and the dangerous Infection of ill Example! *

(1) "Set a watch before mine Eyes, and keep the
"Door of my Lips!"

Govern my Senses, and order each Motion of my
Heart and Fancy!

Perfect, O dear Redeemer, the work Thou hast be-
gun in me;

and make my Passions Servants of thy Grace!

Convert my rude Anger into a Severity against my-
self,

and a temperate Zeal for the good of others!

Let Thy Charity possess my Soul!

And——O! Thou Fountain of Bounty!
that flow'st so freely with perpetual Blessings,

* Note XXXVIII.

(1) Psalm cxli. 3.

MED. XXIX. WEDNESDAY EVENING. 61

Let every Day I receive of Thee,
still set apart some portion of itself,
To meditate thine infinite Mercies,
and rejoice in thy glorious Rewards;
Mercies, that give me all I have;
and Rewards, that reserve for me all I can wish!

M E D I T A T I O N XXIX.

*"So teach us to number our Days, that we may apply our
Hearts unto wisdom."* Pl. xc. 12.

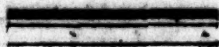
I Am nearer my Grave,
and all the World is older by a Day.
So much is the Portion of the wicked reduc'd,
and their time of Punishment brought nearer:
So much are the Sufferings of the patient diminish'd,
and their Hopes of Deliverance increas'd.
They, who have spent this Day in Sin,
find all their Thoughts now vanish like a Dream:
All's past, but a Fear of Punishment;
the best that can follow is a bitter Repentance.
But they, who have wisely bestow'd their time,
and made another Step towards Heaven,

62 WEDNESDAY EVENING. MED. XXX.

Advance to meet their Joys, which increase
as they draw nearer, till they unite in Death. †

— O! Thou bless'd Author of Man's Hopes!
instruct me in this Truth, and let every Evening re-
new it on my Mind:

“ The things of this World are of little Import,
“ since its Joys and Grievs last only for a Time;
“ But the future State concerns me truly,
“ where Life and Death endure for ever.”



MEDITATION XXX.

“ *The Night cometh, when no man can work.*”

St John ix. 4.

WE are nearer the End of our Life;
but are we nearer the object for which we
live?

What Good hast Thou done, my Soul, to-day?
Have I avoided any known Temptation;
or resisted, when I could not avoid?

Have I interrupted my customary faults,
and check'd the Vices I am most inclin'd to?

† Note XXXIX.

MED. XXX. WEDNESDAY EVENING. 63

Have I improv'd the Opportunities of doing good,
which the Mercy of Providence offered to me?

Did I contrive Occasions of Improvement
for those with whom I convers'd?

Alas! dread Lord! what do I see,
when I seriously look into myself!

When I reflect upon my former years;
nay, even the Follies of this one Day!

So many Hours mis-spent in nothing;
so many abus'd in worse than nothing!

—— Pardon, O meek Redeemer! the Evil I have
done,

and supply the Good I have omitted!

Make me to watch,
lest my future time slide unprofitably away!

Make me daily to study
the Knowledge of myself and Thee:

Myself, to correct my many Infirmities;
Thee, to adore thine Infinite Perfections!

MEDITATION XXXI.

—— “ *not I, but the Grace of God which was with me.*” I Cor. xv. 10.

LITTLE is the Good I do;
and even that little is deriv'd from God.

Great are the Evils I commit,
and all to be charg'd upon myself.

Tell me, my Soul; and let not Pride* deny the
Truth:

Could we have sav'd ourselves from Temptation
without the Help of God?

Could we have accomplish'd any one pious Purpose,
unless his Hand had bless'd the Endeavour?

No! to Thyself, O Lord! be all the Praise,
if thy Creature have done any Good:

To Thee also be the Glory,
if I have not committed the greatest Sins. †

Thine Hand directs me to do well;
and the same bless'd Hand restrains me from Ill.

'Tis not in Man to esteem unseen Joys,
and despise the Flatteries of this deceitful World;

* Note XL.

† Note XLI.

MED. XXXI. WEDNESDAY EVENING. 65

'Tis not the Work of corrupted Nature,
to mortify Sense, and patiently to bear Afflictions:

Of myself, I am inclin'd to none of these;
but the Grace of God enables me to all.

THURSDAY MORNING.

H Y M N IX.

*" COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR
AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL RE-
FRESH YOU." St Matt. xi. 28.*

I Come! renewed from above
With loyal Faith, and humble Love!
I come, O Lord! I bow to Thee,
Whom heav'nly Love bow'd low'r for me.

Faith is my Eye, Faith Strength affords,
To keep Pace with those gracious Words;
And Words more kind, more sure than they,
Love could not think, Truth could not say.

O dear Memorial of that Death
Which still survives and gives us Breath!
Man's Bread of Life! O may'st Thou be
My Food, my Joy, and All to me!

HYMN IX. THURSDAY MORNING. 67

I come, O Lord! my Hopes increase:
Give me my Portion in thy Peace.
Come, hidden (1) Life! and that long Day,
For which I languish, come away!

When this dry Soul thine Eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd Source of Thee;
When Glory's Sun Faith's Shade shall chase,
And for thy Veil give me thy Face.



MEDITATION XXXII.

——— “ *it shall bruise thy Head, and thou shalt
bruise his Heel.*” Genesis iii. 15.

UNHAPPY Man! at first created just,
as every Work comes fair from the Hands of God:
At first endow'd with Dominion over the Earth,
and, which is more, with Dominion over himself,
At first not only made sole Lord of Paradise,
but Heir of the Heav'n of Heavens ———

(1) “Your Life is hid with Christ in God.” Col. iii. 3.

68 THURSDAY MORNING. MED. XXXII.

All this was lost by one rash Act; *
— disobeying the Law of thy wise Creator.

All this we lose by thy Transgression,
which brought in Sin, and Death, and Misery:

Our Bodies are deprav'd by thy Distemper,
and our very Souls partake of the Corruption: †

Our Sense rebels against Reason,
and both conspire against the Will of God.

Soon did Ignorance o'erspread the World,
and Error and Vice possess Mankind.

The Law they obey'd was their Appetite,
and the God they worshipp'd the Work of their own
Hands.

Even the selected People, the favoured Nation
of the Almighty Providence;

They, who had seen the Sea divide,
and stand on each Side as a Wall to defend them:

E'en they forgot their great Deliverer,
and set up for their God, the God of their Enemies.

They could not worship what they did not see,
they must have Gods to go before them. (2)

Thus lay the miserable World all cover'd with
Darkness,
and the thick Mist of gross Idolatry.

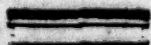
* Note XLII.

† Note XLIII.

(2) Exod. xxxii. 1.

MED. XXXII. THURSDAY MORNING. 69

This mov'd thy Pity, gracious Lord!
(who oft art found by those that seek Thee not)
This mov'd thy Pity to undertake our Relief — *
—Thou didst come and dwell amongst us;
That as our Nature us'd to worship what it saw,
† we should now see Him whom we might safely
worship.
When Thou didst leave our World for Heav'n,
to prepare a Place for thy faithful Followers;
Thou didst not leave us comfortless,
nor wholly forsake our Earth:
For still Thou dost send thine Holy Spirit,
and thus give thyself to thy true Disciples.



MEDITATION XXXIII.

"The Bread of God is He which cometh down from Heaven, and giveth Life unto the World." St John vi. 33.

WHERE, O Thou boundless Ocean of Charity,
where will thine overflowing Streams stay
their Course!

* Note XLIV.

† Note XLV.

70 THURSDAY MORNING. MED. XXXIII.

We, and our Ingratitude strive to oppose Thee,
but nothing can resist thine Almighty Goodness.

When thy false Friend sought to betray,
and deliver Thee into the Hands of impious Men ;

Thou meekly didst subdue their Malice
by thy Bounty ;

Then didst Thou first (3) invite all the World
to a Feast of Love :

Wherein Thou art the Life, the Strength,
the Comfort of our Souls.

A Feast of Peace and Love,
to which Thou thus invit'st us,

“ Come to me, ye that labour for Holiness,
“ and are oppress'd under the Weight of your Sins !
“ Come to me, ye that hunger after Righteousness,
“ and thirst to drink at the Well of Life !
“ Come ! and I will refresh you ! ”

MEDITATION XXXIV.

“ *If any Man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* ”

St John vii. 37.

THUS doth our gracious Lord invite: and shall I go?
Shall a Sinner dare to approach his Table?

(3) “ *The same Night that he was betrayed.* ” 1 Cor. ii. 23.

MED. XXXIV. THURSDAY MORNING. 71

Thus He invites, and shall I not go !
Shall I presume to refuse his Call !

'Rise then, my Soul, and leave the World behind
thee,

'rise to salute thy Lord !

But — am I drest like a Friend of the Bridegroom ?
May I safely go to this Marriage-feast ?

Have I consider'd how pure that Soul should be,
which aspires to an Union with its God ?

Affist me, O Lord, in examining my Heart !
Cleanse me from my secret (4) Sins !

How unworthy am I of this divine Sacrament !

Yet am I call'd by Him who has a Right to command ;
by Him who sees, and pities my Misery.

He bids me come, and will receive me !

“ I will go then into his Tabernacle,
“ and fall low on my Knees before his Footstool.” (5)

There will I confess, and bewail my Sins,
which brought a Saviour from Heav'n, and nail'd him
to a Cross.

—Fill me, O Lord, with Faith, and Hope, and Charity ;
and strengthen me with thy Grace !

Make me fruitful in holy Thoughts, Words, and
Actions !

(4) Pfal. xix. 12.

(5) Pfal. cxxxi. 7.

72 THURSDAY MORNING. MED. XXXIV.

Then wilt Thou accept my Sacrifice of Praise,
when I faithfully commemorate the Sacrifice of thy
Death.

THURSDAY EVENING.

H Y M N X.

FAIN would my Thoughts fly up to Thee,
Thy Peace, O Lord! to find;
But when I offer, still the World
Lays Clogs upon my Mind.

Sometimes I climb a little Way,
And thence look down below :
How *nothing* there do all things seem
That here make such a Shew !

Then round about I turn mine Eyes,
To feast my hungry Sight ;
I meet with Heav'n in every thing,
In ev'ry thing Delight.

HYMN X. THURSDAY EVENING. 73

I see thy Wisdom ruling all,
And joyfully admire;
I see myself among such Hopes
As set my Heart on fire.

When I have thus triumph'd awhile,
And think to build my Nest,
Some cross Conceit comes flutt'ring by,
And interrupts my Rest.

Then to the Earth again I fall,
And from my low Dust cry—
'Twas not my Wing, O Lord! but thine
That rais'd me up so high.

And now, my God! whether I rise,
Or still lie down in Dust;
Both I submit to thy blest Will,
In both on Thee I trust.

Guide Thou my Way, who art Thyself
My everlasting End;
That every Step, or swift or slow,
Still to Thyself may tend!

74 THURSDAY EVENING. MED, XXXV.

MEDITATION XXXV.

“ Repent, for the Kingdom of Heav’n is at hand.”

St Matt. iv. 17.

O Lord! when I reflect upon these Words—
“ Repent—for the Kingdom of Heav’n is at
hand ”—

When I consider they were the first which Thou
didst preach,

the chosen Text of the Eternal Wisdom;

Stricken with the Importance of the Duty,
I’m deeply affected with the Power of the Motive.

If I feel not the Truth of this last Sentence,
but repeat it only as a Form of Devotion;

Forgive the Deceitfulness of my Heart!
and make me *think*, as well as *say* my Prayers!

Make me apply those searching Words unto myself;
“ Repent, for the Kingdom of Heav’n is at hand; ”

Repent, for the Kingdom of Heav’n
depends upon thy Repentance.

Unhappy that I am, who cannot live without Sin,
nor hope for Pardon without due Repentance!

I cannot repent without the Grace of God,
nor obtain his Grace but by his own free Gift. (1)

(1) Rom. ii. 4.—2 Tim. ii. 25.

O, my Saviour, who camest, not to call the Right-
cous,

but such as I am to Repentance,

Since I am not strong enough to be perfectly inno-
cent,

make me so humble, as to be truly penitent !

Deliver me from the Punishments I deserve,
and from the Sins which deserve those Punishments !

Teach me that safe and easy Method
of censuring myself, to be acquitted by Thee !

Every night let me sit as an impartial Judge,
and call before me all my Day :

Let me severely examine every Thought and Word,
and ponder each Deed and each Omission :

Imploring for the past the Mercy of Heaven,
and for the time to come the same unbounded Mercy.

If perchance I find some things well done,
when weigh'd with the Allowances indulg'd our Frail-
ty ;

Let me give all the Glory to God,
and beg his Grace to continue and improve them.

His is the Hand that sows the Seed ;
his the Blessing that gives the Increase.

Thus let me once a Day look home,
and strictly examine the State of my Soul :

Still let me write at the foot of my Account,

—Reconciled to God, and in Charity with the world.—

76 THURSDAY EVENING. MED. XXXVI.

Then go to Bed with a quiet Conscience,*
and fall asleep in Peace and Hope.



MEDITATION XXXVI.

"Isaac went out to meditate in the Fields at Evening." Gen. xxiv. 63.

HOW shall I gain this Favour,
to find my God alone?

I will seek Him in the Silence of Retirement,
and unfold before Him all my Wants:

I will seek Him while He may be found, (1)
and humbly ask the charity of his Counsel.

Where, O my God! is Happiness? †
And what shall I do to obtain it?

Nature already hath thus far taught me,
in all I undertake to seek mine own Good.

But unless Thou vouchsafe to instruct,
and shew me true Felicity;

I fear I may mistake that Good,
and set up an Idol instead of Thee.

* Note XLVI.

(1) Psalm xxxii. 7.

† Note XLVII.

— HEAR THOU THE ETERNAL WISDOM!

“ Seek ye first the Kingdom of God,
“ and all things needful shall be added unto you.” (1)

These, my Lips confess, are excellent Truths;
but when shall my Life confess them?

When shall I subdue my Passions, or guide them so,
that they may draw me to thy Light?

While they are mine, I cannot govern them:
Behold—here I offer them, O God, unto Thee!

Check Thou their Motions by thy Grace,
lest they hurry me beyond the Bounds of Duty:

Wean Thou my Heart from the Follies of the World,
and increase my Desire for Heavenly Joys:

Where'er I am in this inconstant State,
still let mine inward Eye look up to Thee;

Still may I long for that happy Day,
when I shall see, and no more darkly (2) believe,

That Thou, O Lord!
art my God, and All Things.

(1) St Matt. vi. 33.

(2) 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

FRIDAY MORNING.

HYMN XI.

I Will adore the King of Love,
 And King of Suff'rings too;
 For Love it was that brought Him down,
 And set Him here in Woe.

Love drew Him from his Paradise,
 Where Flow'rs, that fade not, grow;
 And planted him in our poor Dust,
 Among us Weeds below.

Here for a time this heav'nly Plant
 Fairly grew up and thriv'd;
 Diffus'd its Fragrance all around,
 And all in Sweetness liv'd.

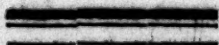
But envious Frosts, and furious Storms,
 So long, so fiercely chide,
 This tender Flow'r at last bow'd down
 Its bruised Head, and dy'd.

O narrow Thoughts, and narrow Speech,
 Your Poverty confess!

A Saviour's Life, a Saviour's Death,
How faintly you express!

May He, who from a Virgin Root
Made this fair Flow'r to spring,
Help me to raise both Heart and Voice,
And with more Spirit sing—

“ To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
“ One undivided Three,
“ All highest Praise, all humblest Thanks,
“ Now and for ever be ! ”



M E D I T A T I O N XXXVII.

“ Being found in fashion as a Man, He humbled himself for us, and became obedient unto Death, even the Death of the Cross.” Philipp. ii. 8.

WHO, that remembers the Afflictions of his Saviour,

can repine at his own Sufferings?

E'en from the Cradle to the Cross, how little do we
read

of Glad and Prosperous, how much of Pain and Grief!

“ We hid, as it were, our Faces from him : (1)
 “ He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.
 “ He was oppressed, and He was afflicted ;
 “ yet He opened not his Mouth : He is brought as
 “ a Lamb to the Slaughter ; and as a Sheep
 “ before her Shearers is dumb, so He opened not his
 “ Mouth.”

Thus were his Sufferings describ'd,
 Ages before he was sent into the World.

Can I then complain of Suffering,
 when the King of Glory did nothing but suffer ?

I wear the Badge of a crucified Saviour,
 and shall I shrink back at every Cross I meet ?

I believe in a Lord who was crown'd with Thorns,
 and shall I abide to tread on nothing but Roses ?

I see Thee, Jesus, humble and meek,
 and shall thy Servant be proud and insolent ?

I see Thee going about poor and unregarded,
 and shall thy Disciple strive only to be rich and
 esteemed ?

Thy charitable Labours were maliciously slandered,
 and shall not my Faults have the Patience to be re-
 prov'd ?

O ! how unlike am I to that bless'd Original,
 which descended from Heaven to become my Pattern !

— Pity my Infirmities, O Lord,
and strengthen me with thy Grace!

Endue me with the heavenly Virtues
of Faith, and Hope, and invincible Charity;

That I may firmly and constantly oppose
whatever stands in my way to Heaven!

Since I must suffer as a Christian,
and deserve it as a Sinner;

Affist me to bear it
as becometh thy Servant!

M E D I T A T I O N XXXVIII.

"He is the Propitiation for our Sins." 1 John i. 2.

O Saviour! when I consider what Thou sufferedst
for me,

and what I have done against Thee,

I am amaz'd at thy Goodness,
and confounded at my own Vileness!

My Sins were the Cause of thy Death,
and yet I permit them still to live in me.

B2 FRIDAY MORNING. MED. XXXVIII.

But — Thou canst forgive more than I can offend ;
yet Thou wilt not forgive, unless I *fear* to offend :

Unless I seek to Thee for Peace and Reconciliation,
and humble myself in thy holy Presence.

Wherefore, behold, O Lord, I fall down before Thee,
and implore thy Forgiveness !

All I can offer thine offended Majesty,
is an Eye bath'd in Tears, and a penitent Heart,
broken with Contrition.

And yet even this firm Resolution of Amendment
I must first beg of Thee. *

O Saviour of Mankind ! who freely pardonest all
that truly turn to Thee !

Who givest Repentance to all that ask, (1)
and invitest all to ask by promising to give.

Make me search diligently for my secret Sins,
and strive to cast them out by Prayer and Self-denial !

Correct them with the Works of Repentance,
that their Stains may be cleansed by thy Blood. (2)

* Note XLVIII.

(1) Compare Acts xi. 18. with Rom. ii. 4.

(2) 1 John i. 7.

MEDITATION XXXIX.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. vi. 14.

SHALL I rejoice To-day, shall I not mourn
at the Funeral of our Redeemer?

Such was the Excess of his Goodness,
as to derive Joys for us from his own Sorrows.

He forbade his Followers to weep for Him,
reserving to Himself the Shame and Grief.

But whither, O Lord, do thy Compassions carry
Thee,

must Thou suffer for us the Pains of Death!

Yes—Thy Mercy still observ'd some Wants in our
Nature,

as yet unsupplied —

Thou sawest our too great Fondness for Life,
needed thy parting with it to reconcile us to Death.

Thou sawest our Fear of Sufferings could no Way
be abated,

but by freely undergoing them in thine own Person.

84 FRIDAY MORNING. MED. XXXIX.

O bleffed Lord ! whose Grace alone begins, and ends,
and perfects all our Hopes !

To Thee we owe more than ourfelves,
for repairing the Ruins of our fallen Nature.

Thy Power to create faid but a Word,
and instantly Man became a living Soul :

But thy Wifdom to redeem us,
both fpake much, and wrought more, and fuffered
moft of all ;

— Yea, even the Crofs — where, after three long
Hours

of Grief, and Shame, and Pain ;

Thou meekly bow'dft thy fainting Head,
and, in an Agony of Prayer, yieldedft up the Ghost.

So fets the Sun in a Cloud,
and leaves our Earth in Darknefs ;

But goes to fhine in another 'World,
and foon returns, and brings us Light.

But Thou doeft more, O Lord !
thy very Darknefs brought us Light ;

For by thy Death,
we are made to live.

—— Can I then remember thy Death,
and not be convinc'd of my Duty to Thee ?

Can my cold Heart recount thy Sufferings,
and not be warm'd by the Love that fuffer'd ?

MED. XXXIX. FRIDAY MORNING. 85

Can I believe my Salvation cost Thee so dear,
and live as if to be sav'd were not worth my Pains?

Ungrateful that I am ! how do I slight
the Kindness of my God !

How carelessly comply
with his gracious Design !

FRIDAY EVENING.

H Y M N XII.

LONG had the World in Darkness late,
Till Christ, in all his Father's Light,
Began to dawn from Heav'n's fair Gate,
And dissipate the Clouds of Night.

I too in Darkness still had stood,
The Slave of Sin, in Death's black Shade ;
But Mercy came, and with his Blood
A gen'ral Ransom freely paid.

Not all the Malice of the Jews,
Nor Death itself, could Him remove;
Still He the blest'd Design pursues,
And gives his Life to take our Love.

And now, my Lord, my God, my All,
What shall I most in Thee admire;
That Pow'r which made the World, and shall
The World at last dissolve by Fire! (2)

O, no! thy strange Humility,
Thy Wounds, thy Pains, thy Crosses, thy Death;
These shall alone my Wonders be,
My Health, my Staff, my Joy, my Breath!



MEDITATION XL.

"The Words that I speak unto you are Spirit and Life."

— St John vi. 63.

I Will not, O Lord, so ill requite thy Love,
as to renew thy Sufferings by my Sins.

(2) Isaiah xxxiv. 4.—2 Peter iii. 10, 11, 12.

If I despise the least of thy Servants,
how am I better than Herod who scorn'd Thee?

If, through Fear, I act against my Conscience,
how am I better than Pilate who condemn'd Thee?

While I deprive another of his Right,
what do I but divest Thee of thy Garments?

While I delight in Strife and Schism,
do I not rend thy seamless Coat?

By forsaking thy Will to follow mine own,
do I not choose a Murderer before Thee?

By retaining a sharp and bitter Malice,
do I not give Thee Vinegar and Gall to drink?

Do I thus "crucify the Son of God afresh, (3)
"and put him to an open Shame?"

Are these the Thanks, this the Duty,
my Gratitude returns?

But if I have hitherto persecuted Thee in thy Mem-
bers, O Lord,

I will mourn my Offences,

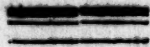
And labour to "bring forth Fruits
"meet for Repentance"! (4)

I will ascend the Mount of Calvary,
and assist the pious Joseph in *uncrucifying* Jesus.

(3) Heb. vi. 6. (4) St Matt. iii. 8.

Like him we unfasten the Nails,
when we loosen our Affections from cleaving to the
World :

Like him we cover thy Body,
when our Charity cloaths thy Servants,
And hides the Infirmities
of thy little ones.



M E D I T A T I O N XLI.

" Where your Treasure is, there will your Heart be also."

St Matt. vi. 21.

I Will examine the Account of my Time, *
and sum up the Profit I have made To-day.
What have I gain'd by all I have heard and seen,
since nothing is so barren but may yield some Fruit ?
Have I cherish'd the Influence of a good Example,
which our gracious Lord presented to excite me ?
If I have fallen into thoughtless Company,
which so often engages me in Folly ;

* Note XLIX.

Has the Danger increas'd my Care ?
Does another's Sin breed Virtue in me ? *

Ah ! no ! of myself I am cold and languid !
" Quicken me, O Lord, in thy Righteousness." (5)

Where'er I go, still Sin will follow ;
the Sins of others or mine own.

Where'er I go, still Crosses attend,
and even my Pleasures are tedious unto me.

Who then has Happiness ?
Or, rather, who is in the Way to attain it ?

He that with Patience resolves to suffer †
whate'er his Endeavours are not able to avoid. (1)

He that with Patience resolves to suffer
what a merciful Father shall send to correct him. ||

When I arrive at this,
that Afflictions seem light for the Love of Christ ;

Then shall I find the best Heaven
this Earth can afford ;

And take it as a Pledge
of a better to come.

* Note L.

(5) Psal. cxix. 40.

† Note LI.

|| Note LII.

(1) See Psal. cxix. 71, and the whole of Ecclef. ii.

MEDITATION XLII.

"The very Hairs of your Head are all numbered."

St Matt. x. 30.

WHEN thus retir'd, and fitly dispos'd
for quiet Thoughts:

Shall the Greatness of another molest my Peace,
or his prosp'rous Condition make me repine?

Shall I say in my Heart, had I that fair Estate,
or, were I entrusted with so high an Office;

I should order things more wisely,
for the public Good, and my private Advantage?

No: let me rather consider how I manage my own
Employments,
and fill the Space I occupy in the World.

When I have Leisure, am I not idle?
or, spend my Hours in unprofitable Follies?

When busy, am I not so too much,
leaving no time to provide for my Soul?

Do the Riches I have, make me wise?
Am I Eyes to the Blind, and Food to the Hungry?

If poor, am I honest,
as well as industrious in my lawful Calling ?

Does my Poverty make me humble ?
Am I charitable in *Thought*, when I cannot be so in
Deed ?

Do I in every State give Thanks to Heaven,
and contentedly submit to its wise Decrees ?

Can I say — “ O my ador’d Creator !

“ I rejoice that my Lot is in thy Hands !

“ Thou art All-wisdom, and knowest my Wants ;

“ Thou art All-goodness, and delightest to relieve.

“ Under thy Providence I am safe :

“ Whate’er befalls, thou guidest it to my Good.

“ If Thou wilt have me obscure and low,

“ and eat the Bread of Poverty and Affliction ;

“ If Thou wilt load my Back with Crosses,

“ or embitter my Days with Sickness :

“ Thy Will, O Lord !

“ not mine, be done ! (6)

“ Place where Thou pleatest thine other Favours,

“ but secure to my Soul a Portion in thy Love :

“ Cast me not away from thy Presence (7) for ever,

“ nor blot out (8) my Name from the Book of Life !

(6) St Luke xxii. 42.

(7) Psal. li. 11.

(8) Psal. lxi. 29.—Deut. xix. 20.

“ But, my eternal Hopes, let them remain;
“ and still grow quicker as they approach to their End.”

—— I will lay down my Head in Peace,
and rest, secure in the Protection of my God.

SATURDAY MORNING.

HYMN XIII.

HARK, my Soul! how every Thing
 Strives to serve our bounteous King!
 Each a double Tribute pays,
 Sings its Part, and then obeys.

Nature's sweet and chiefest Choir,
 Him with chearful Notes admire,
 Chanting every Day their Lauds,
 While the Grove their Song applauds.

Tho' their Voices lower be,
 Streams have too their Melody;
 Night and Day they warbling run,
 Never pause, but still sing on.

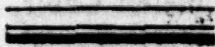
All the Flow'rs that gild the Spring
 Hither their still Music bring:
 If Heav'n blefs them, thankful they
 Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

94 SATURDAY MORNING. HYMN XIII.

Only Man can scarce afford
This small Tribute to his Lord :
Man, on whom his Bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

'Wake for shame, my sluggish Heart,
'Wake, and gladly sing thy Part !
Learn of Birds, and Streams, and Flow'rs,
How to use thy nobler Pow'rs !

Call whole Nature to thy Aid,
Since 'twas HE whole Nature made !
Join in one eternal Song
ALL — who to one God belong !



MEDITATION XLIII.

*"Thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt
Thou suffer thine Holy One to see Corruption."*

Psal. xvi. 10, compared with Acts ii. 25, 27.

PROSTRATE before thy Tomb, O Lord !
I confess my Misery, and implore thy Mercy !
Peacefully in the Sepulchre thy Body reposed,
and thy Soul — was not left in Hell.

MED. XLIII. SATURDAY MORNING. 95

But whither, O Saviour, shall my Soul go,
encompass'd with a Body so frail, and a World so
corrupt ?

Whither, but to Thee, the Justifier of Sinners,
and to thy Grace, the Sustainer of the Weak !

Thy Grace enables the Penitent to perform his
Resolves —

for, when all's done, thy Grace must give the Success.

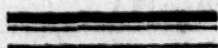
Govern me with this thy Grace, O eternal Wisdom!
and direct my Goings in thy Way. (9)

Order every Chance to prevent my Falling,
and still lead me on to a happy End !

If I must needs undergo the Trial,
and engage Man's subtle Enemy :

Strengthen me, O Lord !
to persevere with Courage ;

That I may never be wanting
in Fidelity to Thee.



M E D I T A T I O N XLIV.

“ — give Diligence to make your Calling and Election
sure.” 2 Pet. i. 10.

HAPPY are they who have so much Employment,
that there remains no room for idle Thoughts!

(9) Psal. xvii. 5.

96 SATURDAY MORNING. MED. XLIV.

Whom nothing diverts from their chief Concern,
of seeking to make their Election sure :

Who, while their Bodies are bow'd down with
Labour,
can freely raise up their Minds to Heaven.

Happiest of all, O Lord, are they
whose very Business is thy Service !

Who not only bestow an interrupted Glance,
but constantly fix their Eyes on Thee.

Every Object is to them an Occasion of Piety,
and every Accident an Exercise of Virtue.

Do they behold the beauteous Stars ?
They adore their Great Creator.

Do they look down on the fruitful Earth ?
They proclaim his Bounty.

Let the inconstant World reel to and fro,
they carefully proceed in an even Course ;

Looking for a more peaceful Dwelling,
eternal in the Heavens. (1)

When they mix in the World, 'tis to give Light to
others,
and enflame some cold or lukewarm-Heart.

— Bless'd Providence ! who governest all things in
Wisdom,
assigning to every one his proper Place ;

(1) 2 Cor. v. 1.

MED. XLIV. SATURDAY MORNING. 97

However Thou art pleased to dispose my Life,
in these, or less favourable Circumstances;

Yet let thy Hand supply my Wants,
and lead me in the Way wherein I should go.

M E D I T A T I O N XLV.

*" I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God
of my Salvation ! " Habakkuk iii. 18.*

I WILL now rejoice in my Saviour,
that his Sufferings are ended :

The Cup of Bitterness is past, never to return :
The Snare is broken, and He is delivered. (1)

Look up, my Soul ! see thy Crucified Lord
enthron'd at the Right-Hand of his Father !

O happy End of well-endur'd Afflictions !
O blessed Fruits that spring from the Cross of Christ !

Hail, glorious King of Men and Angels !
Hail, Conqueror of Sin and Death ! *

(1) Psal. cxxiv. 6.

* Note LHL.

98 SATURDAY MORNING. MED. XLV.

My Praise shall still attend thy Cross,
and my Patience endeavour to bear my own.

I will not fear the Sting of Death,
nor the Darkness of the Grave;

Since Thou hast changed the Grave to a Bed of Rest,
and made Death itself but a Passage into Life :

Since Thou hast once more opened the Gates of
Paradise,
and purchased for thy Servants the Kingdom of Heaven.

SATURDAY EVENING.

H Y M N XIV.

MY God, to Thee myself I owe,
And to thy Bounty all I have;
Behold, to Thee my Praises flow,
And humbly thy Acceptance crave !

If I am happy in a Friend,
That very Friend 'tis Thou bestow'st;
His Pow'r, his Will to help my End,
Is just so much as Thou allow'st.

HYMN XIV. SATURDAY EVENING. 99

If I enjoy a free Estate,
My only Title is from Thee ;
Thou mad'st my Lot to bear that Rate,
Which else an empty Blank would be.

If I have Health, that well-tun'd Ground,
Which gives the Music to the rest ;
It is by Thee that Air is found,
My Food secure, my Phyfic blest.

If I have Hope one Day to view
The Glories of thy blisful Face ;
Each Drop of that refreshing Dew
Must fall from Heav'n, and thy free Grace.

Thus then to Thee my Praises flow,
And humbly thy Acceptance crave ;
Since 'tis to Thee myself I owe,
And to thy Bounty all I have.

Glory to Thee, Great God, alone !
Three Persons in one Deity ;
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now, and still for ever be ! Amen !

MEDITATION XLVI.

*"Use this World as not abusing it; for the Fashion
of this World passeth away."* 1 Cor. vii. 30.

THE World is still lov'd;
and my Nature inclin'd to affect its Vanities:

'Tis lov'd; and so it justly deserves,
did I understand its real Value.

This Life indeed seems nothing,
and all things in it either troublesome or dangerous:

Yet, O my God! are their Consequences excellent,
since they are the only Way of coming to Thee.

This World is Man's Womb,
to bring him forth to see thy Light.

Under thy assisting Grace,
all things will forward his Salvation.

If I regard my End, and order all
to the Improvement of my Mind;

Whether I eat or drink, or whatever I do,
all will advance my Interest with Thee.

Riches themselves, and imperious Honours,
have not so perverse and fix'd a Malice;

MED. XLVI. SATURDAY EVENING. 101

But a prudent Use converts them into Piety,
and makes them fit Instruments of serving God.

The Pleasures, the Amusements that soothe the
Cares of Life,

(O! the Goodness of Almighty God!)

May be so temper'd with a wise alloy,
that his Mercy accounts them as parts of our Duty;

While they are entertain'd for the Health of our Bodies,
or the due Refreshment of our wearied Spirits.

Thou vouchsafest, O God, to call that thy Glory,
which, in very truth, is nothing but our Interest.

Thou complaineest that we dishonour thy Name,
when we only mischief our own Souls.

—O Saviour! King of Mercy,
and great Rewarder of every little improved Grace!

Who, by all that Man can do, derivest no Gain,
but bestowest upon him all Thyself hast done!

Who dwelledest in the World to shew him an Example
of holy Life, and patient Death!

Who makest him free from Sin,
and free to work for his own Profit! *

Do Thou instruct my Gratitude
to consecrate all to Thee:

Since all, by thy Bounty,
redounds to myself.

* Note LIV.

MEDITATION XLVII.

"It is appointed unto Men once to die, and after this the Judgment." Heb. ix. 27.

THIS Life, indeed, is the way I must walk,
but this cannot bring me to mine End ;

E'er I arrive at home,

I must pass thro' the Gate of Death.

Have I seen some Neighbour die,
and do I remember those Circumstances of Sorrow ?

I am sure the Case e'er long will be my own,
and am not sure but it may be very soon.

Have I been visited with Sicknes,
and do I remember the Thoughts I then had ;

How I resolv'd to correct my Passions,
and strive against the Vice that so easily besets me ? (2)

'Twill come to this again, and no Reprieve be found,
to stay one moment the hand of Death.

Nor is it all, to expire and die,
and dwell for a time, *perhaps*, in a state of Separation.

(2) Heb. xii. 1.

MED. XLVII. SATURDAY EVENING. 103

I must await the Great Day of the Lord,
the Day of Restitution of all things :

When the Arch-angel shall sound his Trumpet,
and proclaim aloud this universal Summons ;

— *Arise, ye Dead, and come to Judgment !* —

The Day of Man is past,
when God seemed to hold his Peace : (3)

'Tis now the Day of God ;
Mercy and Justice divide the World. *

— I consider these dreadful Truths as things afar off,
but shall then be present, and concern'd in them for
ever.

I know, that *as I live I shall die,*
and *as I die I shall be judged.*

O how dreadful will it be
to find myself on the left-hand ! — (4)

I will therefore watch *now*, and continually pray,
since I know not the hour (5) when the Son of Man
will come.

O Son of God and Man ! who camest in Mercy to
save,
bring the same Mercy when Thou comest to judge me !

Meanwhile assist me with thy Heav'nly Grace,
to stand perpetually with my Accounts prepar'd !

(3) Psal. l. 21.

(4) St Matt. xxv. 41.

* Note I.V.

(5) St Matt. xxiv. 42.

104 SATURDAY EVENING. MED. XLVII.

That I may die in Peace with Thee and the world,
and arise to live with Thee and thy Saints for ever !

M E D I T A T I O N XLVIII.

*“ There is Hope in thine End, saith the Lord, that thy
Children shall come again to their own Border.”* Jer. xxxi. 17.

I Have found my End,
the only enduring Good.

I will study still more to know those Joys,
and to purchase at any rate that blest Inheritance.

For tho’ the lowest in the Kingdom of Heaven be
happy enough,

where every Vessel is fill’d to the Brim ;

Yet to enlarge my Capacity to the least higher De-
gree,

deserves the Diligence of my whole Life :

For what can so enrich an immortal Soul,
as still to be gathering a Stock for Eternity ?

Shall the industrious Bee, and unwearied Ant,
labour thro’out their little Day ;

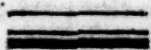
And Man, for whom all Nature works,
o’er whom God’s Angels are commanded to watch ; (6)

(6) Heb. i. 14.

For whom THE WORD descended from Heav'n,
veil'd in suffering Mortality ;

Shall Man still slumber
in slothful Negligence ?

——I will awake, and arise from the Dead,
For Christ will give me Light ! (7)



M E D I T A T I O N XLIX.

*The Children of this World are in their Generation
wiser than the Children of Light."* St Luke xvi. 8.

TIS not so much Man's Sloth that undoes him,
as the imprudent choice in applying his Diligence.

See how the busy Toilers of the World
are chain'd perpetually, like Slaves, to their Oars !

Early they rise, and go late to Rest,
and eat the Bread of Carefulness — (8)

Half these Pains would make them Saints,
were they undertaken for the Kingdom of Heaven.

(7) Eph. v. 14.

(8) Psal. cxxvii. 2.

106 SATURDAY EVENING. MED. XLIX.

They are taught to value even this World as much
as it deserves,
since it is the School that breeds them up for the other.

— Teach me, O Lord, to learn Wisdom from others'
Folly;
to make myself Friends by the Mammon (9) of Un-
righteousness!

Thou still performest thy part;
but how do I comply with mine!

Where's the Profit Thou may'st justly require
to answer the Care of thy Providence!

Thou hast planted me in thy Vineyard,
and nourish'd me with Blessings:

Where then are the Fruits I should always be bearing,
since good Works are never out of Season! *

Of myself, alas! I am dry and barren,
and my Nature at best brings forth nothing but Leaves!

O Thou, in whom, while I remain, I live,
and, from whom divided, instantly die!

Curse not, I beseech Thee, these fruitless Branches;
lest they wither away, (1) and be cast into the Fire;

But, mercifully, graft them on Thyself,
the only true (2) Vine!

So Grapes shall grow on (3) Thorns,
and Figs be gather'd from Thistles.

(9) St Luke xvi. 9.

* Note LVI.

(1) St Matt. xxi. 19.

(2) St John xv. 1.

(3) St Matt. vii. 16.

ANNOTATIONS.

ANNOTATIONS to the PREFACE.

Note A.

IN the original they are entitled "Psalms," but are here filed "Meditations," to prevent confusion in the References to the Book of Psalms.

Note B.

If the English Reader would clearly apprehend the meaning and use of verbal Rhythm, or Time in prose-compositions, he will find them fully explained in the 2d, 3d, and 4th chapter of the 2d Part of Harris's Philological Enquiries.

Note C.

The Editor is sorry to find himself obliged, in vindication of the following Work, to call in question an Authority so generally respectable as that of the late Dr S. Johnson. He asserts, in his Life of Waller, not only that "poetical Devotion cannot often please," but that "contemplative Piety cannot be poetical;" and adds, "the Essence of Poetry is Invention *; such Invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprizes and delights; the Topics of Devotion are few, and, being few, can be made no more; they can receive no Grace from novelty of Sentiment, and very little from novelty of Expression." To these objections it may be answered — the Book of Psalms

* "*The Essence of Poetry is Invention,*" — may be fairly rendered — "Invention is that from which Poetry derives its Being, and on which it depends for its Existence." But this does not altogether accord with that other Definition of Poetry in his Life of Milton — "*Poetry is the Art of uniting Pleasure with Truth, by calling Imagination to the help of Reason.*" Which I think may be fairly rendered — "Reason and Truth, forming the Ground of a Poem (in particular) or of Poetry (in general) are to call forth the Powers of the Imagination to embellish their Work." But here Invention is to be united with Truth, not as being the *Essence*, but the *Ornament* of Poetry.

never was esteemed *less pleasing because poetical*; nor, surely, is it *less poetical because* many of its Compositions are *contemplative*: But, is it *less delightful because Invention, or Fiction, (as the Dr afterwards calls it) has no place in it?*

We know, we feel the contrary to all this. The Psalms of David do not possess the "Grace of Novelty," but they abound in Sublimity "of Sentiment and Expression." Strange, that Praise and Adoration, Thanksgiving and Gratitude, should be less animating in Poetry than in Prose! This indeed may happen; but when it does happen, ought we not rather to conclude that the Poetry is unsuitable to the Subject, than that the Subject is unfit for Poetry? If it be said — the inspired Writings are not included in the Argument — then the above-cited Objections, which (had they not been urged by Dr S. Johnson, who was, both by Precept and Example, a zealous Promoter of Piety) one would suppose to be levelled at *all* "Attempts to animate Devotion by pious Poetry," will be found to prove only the *Difficulty*, not the *Impossibility* of imitating with Success what the inspired Poets have left us as Helps to our Devotion.

Note D.

The Preface was written long before the Editor of these Meditations had seen the late Publication of Austen's Devotions ; but, as that Work is in point of Doctrine very objectionable, this Selection will be the more desirable to the *Protestant* Christian.

ANNOTATIONS.

Annotations to Sunday's Meditations.

Note I.

*" Whose Mercy accepts such slender Payments,
" as Man's Poverty affords."*

THIS Thought is express'd in a beautiful manner by Matt. Casimir ;

" Parvo coronat munere se Deus

" Plerumquè ; — si quæ paupere dat manu

" Dives voluntas." Lib. iv. Ode xvii.

An Heathen expresses *only his Hopes and Prayers* that the Gods will *not despise* the offerings of a poor man :

“ Adfitis Divi, nec vos è paupere menſa

“ Dona, nec è puris ſpernite Ficilibus ! ”

Eleg. prim. Lib. prim. Tibulli.

Note II. to Meditation III.

The Editor of “ The New Week’s Preparation ” has availed himſelf of this Meditation, and *literally* and (for that Reaſon) very *injudiciously* tranſcribed many of theſe Pſalms from the unreformed Devotions.

Note III.

“ *I ſhall poſſeſs Him whom my Soul has loved.* ”

Nemo poterit Spem habere perfecti Amoris Divini in futuro ſeculo, qui in hęc *non incipit* Deum amare.

Sacrę Medit. Johannis Gherardi.

Note IV.

“ *Here I repent, and ſin again ;*

“ *Now I revive, and now am ſlain.* ”

“ Scilicet illa manet plectendas ultio noxas,

“ Admiſſum ſequitur culpa ſecunda ſcelus.

“ O quàm ſæpe meo ſenſi hæc diſcrimina damno !

“ Nec tamen eſt damni mens revocata metu.

- " Nempe trahor vario studia in diversa duello,
 " Ut ratis ambiguis jam pila facta notis.
 " Et trahit hinc (vitii quæ lena comesquæ) voluptas,
 " Quique jubet vitium retrahit inde dolor.
 " Sæpius illa tamen redit è certamine victrix,
 " Assiduus vitio fit licet ille comes.
 " Sic habet alternos Virtus Vitiumque triumphos,
 " Et mens æterno vertitur orbe, labor."

Herman. Hugon. Gem. iv. Lib. i.

Note V.

" That Day whose Brightness knows no Night."

In the Poems of the last cited Author —

- " Sed neque flammantes liquido lavat æquore currus,
 " Nec subit occiduas Sol fugitivus aquas:
 " Nec premit astra Dies, neque Sol fugat æthere
 " Stellas,
 " Nec premitur lassus, nocte fugante, Dies.
 " Exulat æthereis longè Nox horrida terris,
 " Et nitet æterno Lumine clara Dies:
 " Clara Dies, jucunda Dies, septemplice Phæbi
 " Fulmineum nostri lampada luce premens."

Vid. Suspiria Hermannii Hugonis, Lib. iii. Susp. xiv.

There is a just Eulogium on the above cited Author in a little Book entitled '*Aurifodina*,'—written by J. Drexelius, who was cotemporary with Hugo—on the usefulness of Extracts; and wherein is described a Method of so arranging them in Common-place Books, as that they might assist the Memory of the Student, and afford him a never failing Supply of Knowledge and Information.

" Hermannus Hugo, deliciæ meæ, (quid apud te
 " dissimulem?) Scriptor mihi e millibus charus:
 " Nec putem a multis seculis venustius aliquid, et
 " suavissimis affectibus concitandis potentius in lu-
 " cem datum. Hermannus autem maximè usus est
 " excerptis, nec aliter potuit. Nam elegans ille
 " contextus e priscorum Patrum testimoniis, hac
 " unâ ratione confectus. - - - - -
 " - - - - - modò *elegidion*, et tersum carmen,
 " modò prosa oratio, modò *naturam et vitam spirans*
 " *Imago* affectus suggerit dulciores [alluding to the
 " emblematic Figures that are prefixed to the Ele-
 " gies]. Sed hæc de Hermanno Hugone cûsus ve-
 " nustissimas Elegias veneror et adoro."

Quarles profited much by the Elegies of H. Hugo.

In the Preface to a late Edition of Quarles's Emblems, Mr De Coetlogon calls them an 'original work:' But in Truth, from the second

Book to the end of the fifth, they are chiefly either Translations or Imitations of Hugo's Poems. The following is a Paraphrase on the Latin Poet ; which is equal, if not superior to the original :

- " There shines no Sun by Day, no Moon by Night ;
- " The Palace Glory is, the Palace Light :
- " There is no Time to measure Motion by,
- " There Time is swallow'd in Eternity.
- " Wry-mouth'd Disdain, and corner-hunting Lust,
- " And twy-fac'd Fraud, and beetle-brow'd Distrust,
- " Soul-boiling Rage, and trouble-state Sedition,
- " And giddy Doubt, and goggle-eye'd Suspicion,
- " And lumpish Sorrow, and degen'rous Fear,
- " Are banish'd thence, and Death's a Stranger there.
- " But simple Love, and sempiternal Joys,
- " Whose Sweetness never gluts, nor Fulness cloyes."

Book v. Emb. xiv.

- " Sollicitæ procul hinc posuere cubilia Curæ,
- " Et Metus, et tristi luridus ore Dolor :
- " Et caput atrato luctûs velatus amictu,
- " Lessus, et impexis nænia mœsta comis :
- " Et Labor, et toto Gemitus proscriptus Olympo,
- " Et Lis, et rabidi jurgia rauca Fori :

- " Rixæquè, Invidiæquè, cruentaquè sanguine bella,
 " Monstraquè, quæ secum plurima bella trahunt :
 " Pauperies, Febrisquè, Famesquè, Sitisquè, Luesquè,
 " Quæque sequi solitæ Martia castra neces.
 " Hic clausæ Bello portæ, et sine militis armis
 " Otia Cælicolæ mollia Pacis agunt.
-

- " Quinetiàm Letho interdictum mœnibus Urbis,
 " Nec quidquam in Superûm corpora juris habet :
 " Lætitiæ data cura Domûs, quæ sedula fiet
 " Elysi longè et finibus arcet agri."

Herm. Hug. Lib. iii. Susp. xiv.

Note VI.

" healeth all Wounds, and giveth," &c.

In Vindication of the use of the obsolete Termination *th — eth, hath, giveth, &c.* the Editor begs leave to refer the Reader to No. 135 of the Spectator.

Note VII.

" are apt to win the Hearts of us thy Children."

In the first Book of Herman. Hugo are these beautiful Lines on the Vanity of worldly Pursuits :

- " Sic, puto, dat senibus puerilis natio risum,
 " Cùm fabricat luteas parvula turba casas;
 " Ludicra sollicitis fervet Respublica curis,
 " Hic fœnum, hic paleas cõvehit, ille trabes;
 " Aggerit hic gravido plumas et stramina plaustro,
 " Hujus erat testâ quærere munus aquam.
 " Et sibi cùm structæ gratantur mænibus urbis,
 " Magnaquè se pueri regna locasse putant.
 " Hæc videt, ac ridet, quæ transit grandior ætas,
 " Vixquè graves sese virquè senexquè tenent.
 " — Haud aliter, Superis dant nostra negotia risum;
 " Regnaquè pro nidis, quæ fabricamus, habent."

And, in the Lyrics of Matt. Casimir, on the various Blessings which God showers on his froward Children :

- " Nam Tu cùm variâ spargis opes manu,
 " Effusas lepidò non sine jurgio
 " Raptamus, — puerorum
 " Sparfas turba velut nuces.
 " Hic cùm Sceptra capit, frangit: Hic antequàm
 " Gestet, fracta videt."

Lib. iv. Ode xxviii.

- " The glorious things that are spoken of Heaven
 " may make even a carnal heart in love with it; the
 " Metaphors and Similitudes, made use of in Scrip-
 " ture, of crowns, and sceptres, and rivers of plea-

“ sure, &c. will easily affect a man’s fancy, and
 “ make him wish to be there, tho’ he neither under-
 “ stand nor desire those *spiritual* pleasures which are
 “ *described* and *shadowed* forth by them : And when
 “ such a person comes to believe that Christ has pur-
 “ chased those glorious things for him, he may feel
 “ a kind of tenderness and affection towards so great
 “ a Benefactor, and imagine that he is mightily ena-
 “ moured with him, and yet, all the while, continue
 “ a stranger to the holy temper and disposition of the
 “ blessed Jesus : — And what hand the natural con-
 “ stitution may have in the rapturous Devotions of
 “ some melancholy persons, hath been excellently
 “ discovered of late by several learned and judicious
 “ pens.” — See Scougal’s ‘ *Life of God in the Soul*
of Man ; ’ — an admirable little Book, which cannot be
 too much praised, or too strongly recommended.

—— “ to win the Hearts of us thy Children ; ” —

The Metaphor is continued, in the next verse, with
 a beautiful repetition of the word which constitutes
 the Figure ;

“ *Children*, alas how truly ! in useful Knowledge ” —
 and then completed by a sentiment which is pecu-
 liarly apposite and affecting —

“ Oh ! that we were so in Love and Duty ! ”

Such Strokes of Nature as these shew more true genius than whole volumes of Description and Declamation. The New Testament abounds with them; and they are always expressed in Language the most simple and natural: For it is not *Words*, but *Sentiments* that touch the Heart. The beginning of the 18th chap. of St Matthew — to which I refer because it points to the Subject of this Note — may, in some measure, perhaps, illustrate the Observation — “At the same time came the Disciples unto Jesus, “saying, ‘Who is the greatest in the Kingdom of “Heaven?’ And Jesus called a little *Child* unto “him, and *set him in the midst of them*, and said, — “Except ye be converted, and become *as little Chil-* “dren, ye shall *not enter* into the Kingdom of Heaven. “Whosoever, therefore, shall *humble himself as this* “*little Child*, the same is *greatest* in the Kingdom of “Heaven.”

Note VIII.

“ — *openly shew us that great Secret.*”

Secret is the plain English of that unfortunate word *Mystery*, which is so carped at by those who believe only just so far as they can see. That favourite Expression, “Where the Mystery begins Religion ends,” * seems to be fairly applied by its

* See Foster's Sermons, Vol. I. Sermon vii.

Author, though made the Ground of Scepticism and Infidelity by some who have since adopted it. True indeed it is, as the Writer above alluded to maintains, that "the secret things belong to God," and that we are hereby cautioned against investigating such Properties and Dispensations of the Godhead as are out of the Reach of our limited Understandings: But, *at our Peril* we reject *those scriptural Revelations* of the Deity, respecting his *Person* and his *Attributes*, which are proposed to us in this Life as a *Trial* both of our *Faith* and *Reason*; and which we shall more fully comprehend, and, as the Apostle says, no longer faintly believe, but know and see, in the next.

Note IX.

"*This the Perfection of our Nature.*"

The Reader is recommended to the Perusal of an excellent Number in the Spectator, where he will find some admirable Thoughts on the "perpetual Progress which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it."——See No. 111.

Note X.

"*For that one Act springs fresh for ever.*"

"St John concluded that *we shall be like God*, be-

“ cause *we shall see Him as He is*. And our Saviour
“ himself paraphrases our Celestial Felicity by this
“ blessed Vision, where he says — *Blessed are the pure*
“ *in Heart, for they shall see God*.—As on the other
“ side, the Writer to the Hebrews employs the be-
“ ing denied the sight of that Divine Object as a
“ description of extreme wretchedness, in that Text,
“ where, having exhorted those to whom he writes,
“ to *follow Peace and Holiness*, he adds, as the most
“ formidable menace he could make use of, to de-
“ ter them from slighting his Exhortation — *without*
“ *which no man shall see the Lord*. And by this vision
“ our Saviour seems to describe the Happiness even
“ of the Angels, where, forbidding the scandalizing
“ of any of those little ones that believe in him, he
“ adds, to enforce what he had said — *their Angels*
“ *do always see the Face of my Father in Heaven*.”
This excellent Writer, in another Place, on the
same Subject, says, “ There our Felicity shall always
“ be the *Same*, yet ever *New*; Weariness arguing
“ Imperfection, either in the Object, or the Appe-
“ tite, the former of which is impossible in God;
“ and the latter shall cease in Heaven: Where our
“ Felicity shall be so great, that Variety itself shall
“ not be needed as a part of it: And if Heaven do
“ admit Variety, it may be supposed such an one as

“ shall consist in a *further Knowledge of the First*
 “ *Object (God) not a Forsaking of it.*”

Boyle on Seraphic Love, p. 150.

[I chose rather to extract, than refer to the above Passages, because the Book in which they are to be met with, is, I believe, little known.]

Note XI.

“ *O that the Days of my Banishment were ended.*”

The Poet exclaims, hymning the heavenly Country to which he aspires —

“ *O pulcher Patriæ vultus, et ignei*
 “ *Dulces excubiæ Poli !*
 “ *Cur me stelliferi luminis hospitem,*
 “ *Cur, heu ! cur nimium diù*
 “ *Cælo sepositum cernitis exulem !*”

Matt. Casimir. Lib. i. Ode xix.

Note XII.

“ *Then shall I not need its Wings.*”

The following Lines form a Contrast to this Sentiment : —

“ *O mea si tangant aliquod fuspiria Numen,*
 “ *Muter ut in pennas, casta Columba, tuas !*
 “ *Scilicet advectâ, seu Chaönis ales, olivâ*
 “ *Repetiit notæ tecta Noëa ratis ;*

“ Protinùs aligeris raperer super æthera velis,
 “ Nostra nec has iterùm viferet ala plagas.”

Herm. Hugon. Lib. iii.

Note XIII.

—— “ *to note and censure and correct thyself.*”

Deprehendas te oportet antequàm emendes.

Seneca.

—— cœlo descendit ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ
 Figendum et memori tractandum pectore.

Juvenal. Satyr. xi.

Whether Solon or Thales were the original author of this saying, “ it is one of those three Precepts “ which Pliny affirms to have been consecrated at “ Delphos in golden Letters: It was afterwards “ greatly admired, and frequently used by others; “ till, at length, it acquired the authority of a Di- “ vine Oracle, and was supposed to have been ori- “ ginally given by Apollo himself.” * —— “ Cujus “ Præcepti tanta vis, tanta Sententia est, ut ea non “ Homini cuipiam sed Delphico Deo tribueretur.” †

This admirable Precept, “ **KNOW THYSELF,**” is equivalent to these Injunctions of the Apostle —

* Mason's Self Knowledge. . † Cicero de Legibus, Lib. i.

“Examine yourselves; prove your own selves” *—
that is, recollect the Intents and Purposes of your
Hearts, consider the Vices to which ye are most in-
clined, and *enquire into the Motives* of your Actions.

But the *wisest* of the Heathens could not attain to
a *clear* Knowledge of themselves; for they were ig-
norant of the true state of human Nature. From
this Ignorance, and a partial view of his Condition,
it has happened, that Man is at one time exalted to
a God, and at another degraded to a Beast. But —
“Il est dangereux de trop faire voir à l'homme
“ combien il est égal aux bestes, sans luy montrer sa
“ grandeur. Il est encore dangereux de luy faire
“ trop voir sa grandeur, sans sa bassesse. Il est en-
“ core plus dangereux de luy laisser ignorer l'un et
“ l'autre. Mais il est très-avantageux de luy repre-
“ senter l'un et l'autre.” And the same penetrating
Author, in his Thoughts on the Marks of the true
Religion, says of the Morality of the Heathen Philo-
sophers — “Les Philosophes Payens se sont quelque-
“ fois relevez au-dessus du reste des hommes par
“ une maniere de vivre plus réglée, et par des sen-
“ timens qui avoient quelque conformité avec ceux
“ du Christianisme. Mais ils n'ont jamais reconnu
“ pour vertu ce que les Chrestiens appellent Humi-
“ lité; et ils l'auroient même crüe incompatible

* 1 Cor. xi. 28.

“ avec les autres dont ils faisoient profession. Il n’y
 “ a que la Religion Chrestienne qui ait sceu joindre
 “ ensemble des choses qui avoient paru jusques-là si
 “ opposées, et qui ait appris aux hommes que bien
 “ loin que l’Humilité soit incompatible avec les au-
 “ très vertus, sans elle toutes les autres vertus ne
 “ sont que des vices et des défauts.” * And with-
 out Humility how can a man *know himself*? How
 will he discover that “ the Thoughts of his Heart
 “ are only evil continually ? ”

Note XIV.

—— “ *may I deny myself?* ”

The use of Self-denial is recommended by an
 Heathen Poet, and by one not the most moral —

“ Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit

“ A Diis plura feret.”

Horat. Ode xvi. Lib. iii.

But what says our Saviour — “ If any man will
 “ come after me, let him deny himself, take up his
 “ Cross daily, and follow me.”

Here is a common Condition proposed to all that
 would be Christ’s Disciples ; they are called to deny
 themselves, and take up their Cross daily. To shew

* *Pensées de Pascal*, p. 120, 20.

us that this belongs to all Christians, the Apostle saith "He said unto them *all*," St Mark has it thus — "and when he had called the people unto him, " with his Disciples, he said unto them."

The Church of Rome refuses to give the *Cup* in the holy Sacrament to the Laity. We reckon it a very good Argument against that Custom, that our Saviour, when he delivered the Cup, said unto them — "Drink ye *all* of it."

Now if it be an Argument that *all Christians* are to receive the Cup, because in the Institution of the Sacrament it is said — "*Drink ye all of this*;" is it not as good an Argument that all Christians are here called to deny themselves, and take up their Cross daily, because it is delivered in the same manner? — "He said unto them *all*."

Whilst we continue in a State of Corruption, it is as necessary that we continue in a State of Repentance, Self-denial, and Sorrow (for Sin) as it is necessary to continue our Desires and Endeavours after Purity.

The Reader is requested to peruse the whole of the sixth and seventh Chapters of Law's "Practical Treatise upon Christian Perfection," where he will find the Arguments above cited, and many others, that throw Conviction on the Mind in the strongest Light.

Note XV.

“ — *because Thou alone deservest all my Heart.*”

The admirable Pascal, alluding to the Connection which subsists between the Members and the Body, and the Obedience and Service that each separately pays to the Body and the Head, which animates the whole — says — “ Leur beatitude aussi bien que leur Devoir consistant à consentir à la conduite de l’ame universelle, à qui ils appartiennent, qui les aime mieux qu’ils ne s’aiment eux-mêmes. On s’aime, parce qu’on est membre de Jesus-Christ. On aime Jesus-Christ, parce qu’il est le chef du corps dont est Membre. Tout est un : l’un est en l’autre.”

Pensees de Pascal,

Note XVI.

“ *and beholds all the ways of the Children of Adam.*”

The Heathens seem to have had a Belief of the Omnipresence of the Gods, and of their rewarding the Good and punishing the Bad.

ἡγείσθε δὲ

Βλέπειν μὲν αὐτοὺς πρὸς τὸν εὐσεβεῖ βροτῶν,

Βλέπειν δὲ πρὸς τοὺς δυσσεβεῖς· Φυγὴν δὲ τοῦ

Μήπω γινέσθαι φωτὸς ἀνοσίου βροτῶν.

Soph. Œdip. Colon. l. 270.

Annotations to Monday's Meditations.

Note XVII. to Med. X.

I need not apologize to the more learned Reader for the Insertion of the greater Part of the following Poem, taken from a little book before quoted, which I believe, is now seldom to be met with —

- “ *Littera prima rudi quondam inculcata Juventæ*
 “ *Fertur ab antiquis, Numinis esse Timor ;*
 “ *Certaquè non aliâ Sapiëntia discitur arte,*
 “ *Si qua fides verbis, Nate Davide, tuis.*
 “ *Hôc quoque nostra fuit formata puertia ludo,*
 “ *Doctaquè fidereas mens trepidare minas.*
 “ *Semper at, heu ! tantis stupuit mens cæca tenebris,*
 “ *Ut nequè, quod toties audiit, Alpha sciat.*
 “ *Tristibus Orbilii plectenda ignavia sceptris,*
 “ *Post malè tot positos, nîl didicisse, dies !*
 “ *Et pueri ferulis segnes elementa docentur,*
 “ *Quæ levis assequitur sedulitate labor :*
 “ *Aspiciunt nigras Cadmi bis tervè puellas,*
 “ *Aspectasquè vocant nomine quamque suo.*
 “ *Cur ego, quod teneris Infantia combibit annis,*
 “ *Discere non etiam tempore posse putem ?*

- “ Plurima sunt, nullo penitùs mihi docta Magistro,
 “ Cur disci nequeat, arte juvante, Timor ?
 “ Ah ! pudet ! en timeo, quæ contempnissè decebat :
 “ Non timeo, justos quæ meruere metus.
 “ Flagitium, minimo timeo committere teste,
 “ Non timeo facinus teste patrare Deo.
-
-

- “ Flagitiis demum incipiunt trepidare peractis,
 “ Ante scelus, nullus pectora terror habet.
 “ Tum pavor, heu madidis mentem sudoribus angit,
 “ Et læsi ante oculos Numinis ira redit.”

Herman. Hug. Votum iv. Lib. ii.

Note XVIII.

“ *Every where let me seek Thee.*”

On contemplating the Deity in the Works of Nature —

- “ Affueta cælo lumina, in terras vocat,
 “ Latèque prospectum jacet ;
 “ Camposquè lustrat, et relucentem suâ
 “ Miratur in scenâ DEUM.”

And again —

- “ quærit auctorem DEUM
 “ Formosa per vestigia.”

Matt. Casimir. Ode iii. Lib. Epod.

Pascal would have us acknowledge that there are only two sorts of men who can be called *reasonable* — to give the Reflection in his own words —

“ — ou ceux qui *servent* Dieu de tout leur cœur, parce qu'ils le connoissent; ou ceux qui le *cherchent* de tout leur cœur, parce qu'ils ne le connoissent pas encore.”

Note XIX.

“ 'tis only in Charity to make me repeat them.”

In the emblematic Poems of Hugo —

“ Scilicet ut flenti Genetrix dedit ubera nato,
 “ Sed negat ut Lacrymis sæpiùs illa petat;
 “ Aut qualis puero fugiens negat oscula nutrix,
 “ Oscula, quæ toties, dum fugit, ille dedit.
 “ Sic ego te fictos rebar mihi ducere vultus,
 “ Utque magis sequerer fingere velle fugam.”

Vid. Gem. vii. Lib. i.

Note XX.

“ By often renewing those very Desires.”

Cicero was persuaded that the Effusions of a pure Heart in Prayer are a Worship and Sacrifice most acceptable to the Gods: So far could unassisted

Reason direct him ; but by no means disclose the only true Object of Prayer, or furnish those Motives and Encouragements to this Duty which Christianity abundantly supplies.

“ Cultus Deorum *optimus*, idemquè castissimus, at-
 “ què sanctissimus, plenissimusquè Pietatis ; si eos
 “ semper purâ, integrâ, incorruptâ, et Mente, et
 “ *Voce veneremur.*”

Cicero de Nat. Deorum.

I beg leave to refer the Christian Reader to the 7th Chapter of the *Sacra Privata* of Mr Graile, on the use and necessity of private Prayer ; as a mean of working Virtues in the Mind, he says —

“ Qui Deum orat ut interna sibi bona largiatur,
 “ veram putâ Scientiam, imprimis Sapientiam ac
 “ Virtutem, eo ipso animum suum aperit ad accipi-
 “ endam divinam lucem et gratiam, quæ in cor
 “ suum pro Suspiriorum profunditate, et Devotionis
 “ fervore, magis minusvè influunt.”

In another Part of the same Chapter —

“ Exauditionem autèm aliquando differt (*Deus*
 “ *scilicet*) ut ardentiora in nobis excitet Vota, Fi-
 “ demquè et Constantiam probet : siquidem illa de-
 “ mum Fiduciæ nostræ ac Sinceritatis, integriquè
 “ erga Deum amoris, est idonea Exploratio ; si nos

“ Repulsam sæpiùs passi, adhuc Precibus persistere
 “ deprehendimus. Qui, suspensis Desideriis, con-
 “ stanter expectant Dominum, atque in Oratione
 “ perseverant, etiamsi non videant, quid orando
 “ profectum sit, illi apud se vel hinc certi esse pos-
 “ sunt, se bonâ Fide agere, ac, post difficilem Luc-
 “ tam, Palmam tandem reportaturos.”

[I humbly recommend this excellent Book, *Sacra Privata*, to the attention of all those who devote themselves to serious Studies.— It is much to be wished that there were a new Edition of it.— This Book was first published in 1699.]

Note XXI.

“ *I do not so much as hear myself.*”

Distraction and Wanderings in Prayer, the most devout have complained of : In the second Part of the Work last quoted, one of the Prayers for Thursday has an excellent Section to this Purpose.

“ Fateor equidem non paucis Vitiis maculatas esse
 “ ipsas preces meas, in quas si summo rigore inqui-
 “ ras, nec humilem Devotionem, nec Zeli ardorem,
 “ neque Vota rectè composita invenire licet. Non
 “ quâ par est infinitæ tuæ Majestatis reverentiâ Te
 “ invoco, nec semper mentem sursum tollo ad pu-
 “ ram castamquè Tui venerationem. Cum frigore
 “ meo sæpè luctandum est, nec me mea egestas et

" miseria fati acriter pungit ad seriò precandum.
 " Quantâ nonnunquam Profanatione cultum tuum
 " pollui, cùm quas Tibi offero precibus animum
 " non attenderim, sed Te accedens, deque Re gra-
 " vissimâ, salutem meam tam intimè spectanti, te-
 " cum acturus, magni illius negotii, medio in ser-
 " mone sim oblitus, atque res leviculas, quas vel
 " imaginatio mea, vel Diabolus suggererit, sectatus
 " fuerim? Eheu! perditus homuncio ad pedes tuos
 " advolutus, ut sceleris mei pœnas deprecarer, ab-
 " ruptâ penitens supplicatione, mentem meam non
 " rarò mundanis ac carnalibus cogitationibus dis-
 " trahi passus sum; quasi sperari possit, ut quibus
 " mens mea abest, illis Tu precibus aurem admovere
 " annuerequè digneris."

Sacra Privata, Pars secunda, p. 73.

NOTE XXII.

" If my Life prepare not the Way for my Offerings."

The Heathens esteemed Purity in Sacrifice necessary to render it acceptable :

" Casta placent Superis : Purâ cum veste venite;
 " Et manibus puris sumite Fontis aquam."

Eleg. prim. Lib. secundi Tibulli.

" Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
 " Non sumptuosa blandiùs hostia

“ Mollibit averfos Penates

“ Farre pio et faliente micâ.”

Hor. Ode xxiii. Lib. iii.

Note XXIII.

“ commerce with each other.”

“ And looks commercing with the Skies.”

Milton's Il Penseroso.

Note XXIV.

“ in what channel soever they flow to us, they spring from Thee.”

“ Rivulus quidem Boni a Divinitate ad Creatu-

“ ram traducitur, sed Fons in Deo semper manet.”

Sacra Medit. Johan. Gherardi.

Note XXV.

“ How dare we then attempt thy Praises? ”

The Reader, who may not have the Book to refer to, will readily admit the following Quotations from the Writings of the learned Boyle, on the Imperfection of all Praise, whether from Men or Angels, in celebrating the Objects of it, God and his Attributes.

“ Those Expressions, which, any otherwise applied, would be Hyperboles, do but express our De-

“ votion, not the Divine Object of it ; and declare
“ *how much* we honour Him, rather than *what He*
“ *is.*”——And a little farther he says ——

“ Nay, Heaven itself exempts not its Residents
“ from an Impotence which belongs to Creatures,
“ not as they are imperfect ones, but as they are
“ *Creatures.*——Their Praises may need Pardon
“ even in a Place where they can sin no more ; and
“ they can expect but from God's Goodness the
“ Acceptance of those Praises that are improved, as
“ well as occasioned, even by their being made Par-
“ takers of his Glory.——But, Pyrocles, this unavoi-
“ dable Disability to say things worthy of God,
“ need not at all trouble us, since we pay our Ho-
“ mage to one, whose Goodness they can as little
“ equal, as they can his other Attributes. He, that
“ created us, will not impute it to us, that we act
“ but as Creatures : And since He has declared that,
“ where there is a willing Mind, *a man is accepted*
“ *according to what he has, and not according to what*
“ *he has not*——the Impotence I have been speaking
“ of ought to bring us rather Joy than Trouble,
“ since the infinite Distance betwixt us, without
“ lessening his favorable Acceptance of our Praises,
“ *supposes* the boundless Praises of Him, whom those
“ Praises (through his Goodness) help to give us an
“ Interest in.”

Boyle's Seraphic Love, 5th Edit. p. 169.

Note XXVI.

*" The overflowing Source whence we spring,
 " and the immense Ocean into which we tend."*

These Metaphors point to the same Thoughts in the following good old Song, which is so descriptive of human Life ;

" Water, parted from the Sea,
 " May increase the River's Tide,
 " To the bubbling Fount may flee,
 " Or thro' fertile Vallies glide.

" Tho' in search of lost Repose
 " Thro' the Land 'tis free to roam,
 " Still it murmurs as it flows,
 " Panting for its native Home."

Note XXVII.

" To teach us the Price of so rich a Jewel."

These Reflections, on the Distribution of Time, are peculiarly just and beautiful.— In the following Stanzas, on Time and its Flight, the Poet leaves it to the Reader to supply the Moral —

" Quod tibi largâ dedit Hora dextrâ,
 " Hora furaci rapiet finistrâ ;
 " More fallentis tenerum jocosæ
 " Matris Alumnum.

" Omnibus Mundi Dominator Horis

" Aptat urgendas per inane pennas ;

" Pars adhuc Nido latet, et futuros

" Crescit in annos."

Matt. Capm. Lyric. Lib. i. Ode iv.

Annotations to Tuesday's Meditations.

Note XXVIII.

"Only my Sins are entirely my own."

A saving Doctrine; full of Humility, and confirmed by the Experience of every Christian. St James assures us, that "God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man," but that a man "is drawn away of his own lust and enticed." He tells us likewise, that "every good and perfect Gift is from above." Hence we may conclude, that Sin is the only Property which Man derives from himself. Pascal says, in his Reflections on Death, p. 200, "*la mort est une peine du Peché, imposée à l'homme pour expier son crime; nécessaire à l'homme pour le purger du Peché; que c'est la seule qui peut délivrer l'ame de la concupiscence des membres; sans laquelle les Saints ne vivent point en ce monde.*"

Note XXIX.

"Tho' the Fig-tree shall not blossom."

A Sentiment expressive of this pious Confidence occurs in an Heathen Writer —

- “ Nam veneror ; seu stipes habet desertus in agris,
 “ Seu vetus in trivio florida ferta lapis :
 “ Et quodcumque mihi pomum novus educat annus,
 “ Libatum agricolæ ponitur ante Deo.”

Eleg. prim. Tibulli. Lib. i.

Note XXX.

“ *Because their Obstinacy refuses to seek it.*”

“ ——— is there no place

“ Left for Repentance ; none for Pardon left ?

“ *None left but by Submission ;* and that Word

“ Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame

“ Among the Spir'its beneath, whom I seduc'd

“ With other promises, and other vaunts

“ Than to submit.”

Milton's Par. Lost, Book iv.

Note XXXI.

“ *I hope to rise and set no more.*”

The Beauties of the 23d Meditation are so obvious, that they need no Comment. What a striking Contrast this to the pathetic Complaint of the sensual Catullus ! ———

“ Soles occidere et redire possunt ;

“ Nobis, cùm semel occidit brevis lux,

“ Nox est perpetua, una, dormienda.”

Catull. ad Lesb.

Annotations to Wednesday's Meditations.

Note XXXII.

"Where the Worm of Conscience dieth not."

If an Heathen Poet, without a regard to a future Life, could thus exclaim —

Τις ετι, ποτ' ε' τυτοις αηρ,

Θυμω βελη ερξεται

Ψυχας αμυνειν ;

Ædip. Tyrann. Strophe ii.

What may not the impenitent Christian suffer?
Ah! who shall drive away the Arrows of Conscience
from *his* Mind!

In this distress he will naturally exclaim — "O
" wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me
" from the Body of this Death!" While he
has time, let him with Penitence and Faith look up
to his Redeemer, in whom he will find a Comforter;
and then he will have reason indeed to "thank God
" thro' Jesus Christ our Lord." *Rom. vii. 24, 25.*

" But if the wand'rer his mistake discern,
" Judge his own ways, and sigh for a return,
" Bewilder'd once, must he bewail his loss

" For ever and for ever ? — No — the Cross —

" There, and there only (tho' the Deist rave,

" And Atheist, if Earth bear so base a Slave)

" There, and there only is the Pow'r to save."

Cowper's Poems — Progress of Error.

Note XXXIII.

" *Make me fearful to do what, when done,*

" *will make me miserable to suffer.*"

God left not himself without witness in the Hea-
then World —

" *Pæna autem vehemens, ac multo sævior illis,*

" *Quas et Cæditius gravis invenit et Radamanthus,*

" *Nocte diequè suum gestare in pectore testem.*"

Juv. Sat. 13.

A Christian Poet writes thus —

" *Nulla reos animos agitat magè dira Tyrannis,*

" *Quàm testem assiduè pectore ferre suum.*

" *O Deus ! O confige tuo mihi corda timore !*

" *Ne peccem, furor hâc cuspide noster eget.*

" *Utilis ante scelus Timor est qui frena gubernet ;*

" *Qui timet, admisso crimine, ferò timet.*"

H. Hugon. Lib. ii. V. iv.

Note XXXIV.

“ Still let me labour, still let me suffer ;
 “ my Troubles are short, my Joys eternal.”

The great moral Doctrine of Epictetus — *Ἀνέχεσθαι καὶ ὑπομένειν* (bear and forbear) has no sufficient Motives to enforce it : Nor have the Precepts of Socrates — tho’ confirmed by the Example of that admirable Teacher — (a rare Instance with the old Philosophers) a stronger Influence on the Mind of that Man, who deliberately prefers the Gratifications of Sense to those intellectual Pleasures, which are recommended to him, as attainable only by the Pursuit of Knowledge and the Practice of Virtue. Cold and languid is all the Morality of the wisest Heathens ; nor could it be otherwise, for they did not consider this Life as a State of Probation, and were *entirely* ignorant of the true, and actual Condition of Man : The Apprehension which the best of them entertained of a future State of Rewards and Punishments, was very faint ; and even that State itself was rather *hoped* for, than *expected*.

Xenophon makes Cyrus say to his Friends on his Death-bed ;

Οὗτοι ἐγώ γε, ὦ παῖδες, εὖδε τὸ πᾶσι ἐπιόσθην, ὡς ἡ ψυχὴ, ὡς μὲν ἂν ἐν θνήσκῃ σωματίῳ ἦ, ζῇ. ὅταν δὲ τοῦτε ἀπαλλαγῇ, τὴν ἑαυτοῦ. — Οὐδὲ γὰρ ὅπως ἀφρονεῖν εἶναι ἡ ψυχὴ, ἐπιδόαν τὴν ἀφρονεῖν σωματίος δίχα γίνεσθαι, οὐδὲ τοῦτο πεπισμαι· ἀλλ’ ὅταν ἀκράτος καὶ καθαῖρος ὁ νοῦς ἐκκριθῇ, τότε καὶ φρονιμώτατον εἶδος αὐτὸν εἶναι. καὶ τ. λ.

The learned Reader will refer to the Speech itself, wherein Cyrus expresseth his *Persuasion* only of the Soul's existence distinct from the Body.

Cicero, whose *Persuasion* seems sometimes to be confirmed to *Belief*, makes the elder Cato say ;

“ Ex vitâ ita discedo tanquàm ex Hospitio, non
 “ tanquàm ex domo. Commorandi enim Natura
 “ Diverforium nobis, non habitandi dedit. O præ-
 “ clarum Diem cùm ad illud divinum animorum
 “ concilium cætumque proficiscar, cumquè ex hâc
 “ turbâ et colluvione discedam ! Proficiscar enim ad
 “ Catonem meum — ”

Cicero de Senectute.

But in another Place he expresseth his Apprehensions and Doubts ;

“ Hæc vero five a meo sensu post mortem abfu-
 “ tura sint, five, ut sapientissimi Homines putaver-
 “ unt, ad aliquam animi mei partem pertinebunt—”

Orat. pro Archid.

Were we, however, to join these with many other passages from Heathen Writers—which might, perhaps, be brought to shew that a future State had been discovered by them—tho' taken collectively, they would by no means prove the Assertion. “ It had
 “ been discovered, as the Copernican System was—
 “ it was one Guess among many. He alone disco-

“ vers who *proves*; and no man can prove this
“ Point, but the Teacher who testifies by Miracles
“ that his Doctrine comes from God.”

Paley's Moral Philosophy, p. 397.

All these Doubts, which clouded the Heathen World, are dispelled by the Revelation of Christ, who hath not only brought Immortality to Light, but works on the human Mind by the most prevailing Motives; by the Hope of Pardon, to animate us to Obedience; and the Fear of Punishment, to deter us from Vice. Nor are other and *endearing* Motives wanting in the Christian Scheme, to encourage such as have begun well, by Repentance and Faith, to continue stedfast in well doing, and to improve in Grace and Wisdom.—The Attributes of God, as revealed in the old and new Testament—The Misery of Man, when considered as left to himself—The Necessity of a Mediator—God's Love towards Man, in sending his Word—Redemption from Sin, by the great Sacrifice of the Just for the Unjust—The Certainty of a Resurrection, and of a future Judgment—The Influence, and assisting Grace of the Holy Spirit—And, above all, an *enlivening Confidence* in the never ceasing Love and Mediation of a Saviour in Heaven. Such are the superior Advantages which the Christian enjoys —

While we are in the Light, let us believe in the Light, that we may be the Children of Light.

John xii. 36.

Note XXXV.

— “ *if we vitally believed.*”

“ The repeating of a Creed at *certain times* is an
 “ act of Faith ; but that Faith which *overcometh the*
 “ *world* stays neither for *times* nor *seasons*, but is a
 “ *living Principle* of the Soul, that is always believ-
 “ ing, trusting, and depending upon God.”

Law's Christian Perfection, chap. xii.

“ The assent which is ordinarily given to Divine
 “ Truths is very faint and languid, very weak and
 “ ineffectual, flowing only from a blind inclination
 “ to follow that Religion which is in Fashion, or a
 “ lazy indifferency and unconcernedness whether
 “ things be so or not. Men are unwilling to quarrel
 “ with the Religion of their Country ; and since all
 “ their neighbours are Christians, they are content
 “ to be so too : But they are seldom at the pains to
 “ consider the Evidences of those Truths, or to pon-
 “ der the importance and tendency of them ; and
 “ thence it is that they have so little Influence on their
 “ Affections and Practice.”

Scougal's ‘ Life of God in the Soul of Man.’

Note XXXVI.

"Inmates that quarrel among themselves."

Pascal says — " L'homme n'est donc qu'un sujet
 " plein d'erreurs ineffaçables *sans la Grace*. Rien
 " ne lui montre la Verité; tout l'abuse. Les deux
 " principes de Verité, la Raison et les Sens, outre
 " qu'ils manquent souvent de sincérité, s'abusent re-
 " ciproquement l'un l'autre. Les Sens abusent la
 " Raison par de fausses apparences: Et cette même
 " piperie qu'ils lui apportent ils la reçoivent d'elle
 " a leur tour: Elle s'en revanche. Les Passions de
 " l'ame troublent les Sens, et leur font des impres-
 " sions facheuses. Ils mentent, et se trompent à
 " l'envy."

Pensées de Pascal.

Note XXXVII.

"Peace with the Bad, by bearing their Injuries."

The great Doctrines of Forgiveness and Humility
 are thus recommended by an Heathen Writer —

" Nihil enim laudabilius, nihil magno et præcla-
 " ro viro dignius Placabilitate et Clementiâ.

" Fortes igitur et magnanimi sunt habendi, non
 " qui faciunt, sed qui propulsant Injuriam.

" — ut rectè præcipere videantur, qui monent

" — quanto superiores sumus, tanto nos gera-
 " mus summissiùs."

Cicero de Officiis, Lib. prim.

But these by no means equal the Sublimity of the Gospel Precepts: A Christian writes —

“ Si quis verò me aut meos indignè tractat, doce
 “ me optimam illam ulciscendi rationem, scilicet, *ne*
 “ *similis fam ejus, qui Injuriam fecit.*”

Sacra Privata, Pars ii. p. 25.

This is the only laudable Revenge.

Note XXXVIII.

“ — *the dangerous Infection of ill Example.*”

“ Exemplis trahimur, et trahimus retrò :

“ Soli nemo sibi est malus ;

“ Nulli vita sua est ; dùm vaga postero

“ Turbam turba premit gradu,

“ Sunt primi exitio sæpè sequentibus.”

M. Casim. Ode x. Lib. iv.

Note XXXIX.

“ *Advance to meet their Joys, which increase as they*
 “ *draw nearer, till they unite in Death.*”

“ Sinks to the Grave with unperceiv'd Decay,

“ While Resignation gently slopes the Way ;

“ *And, all his Prospects bright'ning to the last,*

“ *His Heav'n commences e'er the World be past.*”

Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

Note XL.

“ let not Pride deny the Truth.”

“ Sunt ista” (scilicet Superbia et Arrogantia)
 “ fanè Hominibus Eruditis solennia vitia. Superbia
 “ morbus est multorum communis, præsertim Lite-
 “ ratorum; licet eam pauci sentiant, aut confide-
 “ rent, quòd seipsos extollendo ruinam suam sibimet
 “ accersant. Utiquè ignorare videntur vel erudita
 “ ista Gloriolæ mancipia, quæ vera sit Gloria, et
 “ quemadmodum petenda, Umbramquè Gloriæ
 “ avidè captantes, veram, solidam, sempiternam fu-
 “ giunt et averfantur.”

Sac. Priv. Cap. iii.

Deism, as well as Atheism, originates from Pride.
 We are sometimes found, even in this Noon-time of
 the Gospel, so immersed in the Study of Human
 Learning, as to neglect those Treasures of Know-
 ledge which are offered to us by WISDOM itself;
 and which can alone exalt our Nature to the Divine.

In ‘Paradise Regain’d’ — where the Spirit and
 Genius of Milton, tho’ much obscur’d, are still visi-
 ble, — our Saviour replys to the Tempter,

“ ————— not therefore am I short

“ Of knowing what I ought: He who receives.

" Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
 " No other Doctrine needs, tho' granted true :
 " But these are false, or little else but Dreams,
 " Conjectures, Fancies built on nothing firm.

" ——— Who therefore seeks in these
 " True Wisdom, finds her not ; or, by Delusion,
 " Far worse, her false Resemblance, only meets
 " An empty Cloud.
 " Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 " Deep vers'd in Books, and shallow in himself."

Book iv.

Pascal, in speaking of that Knowledge which is
 only attainable by the Christian Religion — *the*
Knowledge of Man's actual State — says — " Elle
 " (Religion Chrétienne) enseigne donc aux hommes
 " ces deux veritez, et qu'il y a un Dieu, dont ils
 " sont capables, et qu'il y a une corruption dans la
 " nature, qui les en rend indignes. Il importe éga-
 " lement aux hommes de connoître l'un et l'autre
 " de ces points ; et il est également dangereux à
 " l'homme de connoître Dieu, sans connoître sa
 " misere ; et de connoître sa misere, sans connoître
 " le Redempteur, qui l'en peut guerir. Une seule
 " de ces connoissances fait ou l'*orgueil des Philosophes*,
 " qui ont connu Dieu, et non leur misere ; ou le

“ *desespoir des Athées, qui connoissent leur misere*
 “ *fans Redempteur.*”

Pensees, Cap. ii.

Note XLI.

“ *To Thee also be the Glory,*
 “ *if I have not committed the greatest Sins.*”

This Thought is extended by Graile ;

“ *Qui porro tot atrocia peccata admisi, certè longè*
 “ *atrociora admissem, nisi Naturæ meæ corruptio-*
 “ *nem gratiâ tuâ retrahente cohibuisses : Adeò ut*
 “ *Tibi debeatur, quòd non fuerim omnium perditio-*
 “ *rum post homines natos sceleratissimus, nequissi-*
 “ *mus, spurcissimus ; quòd animum meum, laxis ha-*
 “ *benis, in libidines quassibet exilire, omnesquè fla-*
 “ *gitiorum labes in se contrahere non permiseris.*”

Sacra Privata, Pars ii.

In the Heathen World, Timoleon affords a singular Instance of this pious Humility — “ *Nihil enim*
 “ *unquàm nequè insolens, nèque gloriosum ex ore*
 “ *ejus exiit : qui quidèm, cùm suas laudes audiret*
 “ *prædicari, nunquàm aliud dixit, quàm se in eâ re*
 “ *maximas Diis gratias agere atque habere, quòd,*
 “ *cùm Siciliam recreare constituissent, tùm se potiss-*
 “ *simùm ducem esse voluissent. Nihil enim rerum*

“ humanarum finè Deorum Numine agi putabat.
 “ Itaque suæ domi Sacellum *Ausoniae* * constitue-
 “ rat, idquè sanctissimè colebat.” His Biographer
 then tells us that his Success was answerable to his
 Piety. — “ Ad hanc hominis excellentem bonitatem
 “ mirabiles accefferunt casus. Nam prælia maxima
 “ natali diæ suo fecit omnia; quo factum est, ut
 “ ejusdem natalem festum haberet universa Sicilia.”

Corn. Nepos in Vita Timol.

From the Example of this excellent Heathen the
 best Christian may reap Instruction.

* Dea erat, scilicet Fortis Fortuna.

Annotations to Thursday's Meditations.

Note XLII.

"All this was lost by one rash Act."

The following Lines point to the Use we should make of the History of the Fall.

- " Te quoquē, cui primos studium damnare parentes,
- " Peccati memorem convenit esse tui.
- " Cum vitæ et mortis non felix alea jacta est,
- " Collusor proavi dilapidantis eras.
- " Credite Posteritas, Adam vos estis et Eva,
- " Et vestræ Pomum corripuere manus.
- " Hinc nudi; Gens pelliceâ dignissima Zonâ,
- " Et Pudor, et Dolor, et Numinis ira sumus:
- " Non querar acceptæ tot publica vulnera cladis,
- " Materies elegis sum fati apta meis.
- " Ordior a cunis, hinc mecum lacryma nata est;
- " Hinc docuit vitæ syllaba prima queri."

H. Hugon. Lib. iii. Susp. viii.

Note XLIII.

"Our very Souls partake of the Corruption."

A notion of original, innate Corruption existed in the Heathen World :

" Nam vitiis nemo finè nascitur : optimus ille est
" Qui minimis urgetur." *Hor. Sat. Lib. i.*

Note XLIV.

" This mov'd thy Pity to undertake our Relief."

Milton, who soared with the highest Flights, has ventured to represent God the Father addressing the heavenly Host —

" Say, heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
" Which of you will be mortal to redeem
" Man's mortal crime ; and just, th' unjust to save ?
" Dwells in all Heav'n charity so dear ?"

And, God the Son accepting the Mediation —

" Father, thy Word is past ; Man shall find Grace :
" And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way,
" The speediest of thy winged Messengers,
" To visit all thy creatures, and to all
" Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought ?
" Happy for Man so coming ! he her aid
" Can never seek, once dead in Sins, and lost ;
" Atonement for himself, or Off'ring meet,
" Indebted and undone hath none to bring.
" Behold me then ; me for him, life for life
" I offer ; on me let thine anger fall ;

“ Account me Man ; I for his sake will leave
 “ Thy Bosom ; and this Glory next to Thee
 “ Freely put off.”

Book iii.

At the close of the revelation of *these Mercies* —
 which is marked with the solemn pause of the
 Angel —

“ So spake th’ Archangel Michaël, then paus’d
 “ As at the World’s great Period ;”

Adam thus expresseth his Joy and Wonder —

“ O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense !
 “ That all this Good of Evil shall produce,
 “ And Evil turn to Good : More wonderful
 “ Than that which by Creation first brought forth
 “ Light out of Darkness ! ”

Paradise Lost, Book xii.

Note XLV.

“ *we should now see Him whom we might safely worship.*”

“ But here the Deity lets himself down to our
 “ capacities, and is on a level with our tenderest af-
 “ fections ; discovers himself under the near rela-
 “ tion of a friend, a father ; displays such an affect-
 “ ing Scene of the most merciful, mild condescen-
 “ sion, as must strike even the dullest, warm the

“ coldest Heart. The Lord, who knows our frame,
“ sees that we are not capable of beholding him in
“ his full Glory ; and therefore kindly draws a veil
“ over it, and suits his several Dispensations to the
“ Subjects of them. He sends a Messenger in our
“ own State and Circumstances ; who, being en-
“ compassed with our infirmities, experiencing our
“ difficulties and temptations, and having a fellow-
“ feeling of our troubles, might shew how well
“ qualified he was to bear with us, and help us to
“ bear them ; to have compassion on the ignorant,
“ and those that were in error ; pointing out to us
“ the true way, and enabling us to walk therein ;
“ leading us gently by the hand, inviting and en-
“ couraging us to come to God through him.”

And, a little further, the same Author observes —

“ Men had been so long used to the notion of ap-
“ pearances and messages from Heaven, and these
“ been made the ground of every article of faith,
“ and mode of worship ; that nothing but a *real one*,
“ one of a superior kind and better circumstanced,
“ could be conceived effectual to silence every wild
“ pretence of that sort ; and reduce men to a *right*
“ *Faith, and a suitable Practice* : Nothing less would
“ be able to lead such to a firm belief in one true,

“ spiritual, invisible God ; and induce them to wor-
 “ ship him *in spirit and in truth* ; and assure them
 “ of always finding access to him, through one only
 “ all-sufficient *Mediator*.”

*See Reflections on the Life and Character of Christ,
 by Dr Edmund Law, late Bishop of Carlisle.*

Note XLVI. to Med. XXXV.

The Pythagoreans were obliged, by an admirable Rule, every Evening, *thrice* to run over the actions of the Day, before they went to rest :

Μηδ' ὕπνῳ μαλακοῖσιν ἐπ' οἰμασι προσδίζασθαι
 Πρὶν τῶν ἡμερῶν ἔργων τρεῖς ἑκάστον ἐπιλθεῖν.
 Πῃ παρέσθην ; τί μοι θεὸν οὐκ ἐτέλεισθην ;
 Ταῦτα σὺ τῆς θύης ἀρετῆς εἰς ἰχθυᾶ θῆσθαι.

Seneca, who appears to have been an observer of this Rule, says — “ Quid pulcrius hâc consuetudine
 “ excutiendi totum diem ? Qualis somnus post Re-
 “ cognitionem sui sequitur ? Quàm tranquillus, al-
 “ tus, ac liber, cùm aut laudatus est animus, aut
 “ admonitus, est Speculator sui, ceusorquè secretus
 “ cognoscit de moribus suis ? Utor hâc potestate, et
 “ quotidie apud me causam dico : cùm sublatum è
 “ conspectu lumen est, et conticuit uxor, moris jam
 “ mei conscia, totum diem mecum scrutor ; facta
 “ ac dicta mea remetior. Nihil mihi ipsi abscondo,

“ nihil transeo ; quare enim quidquam ex erroribus
 “ meis timeam, cum possim dicere : Vide ne istud
 “ amplius facias, nunc tibi ignosco.”

Lib. iii. de Ira.

Much rather should a *Christian* exercise this daily scrutiny.

I need not apologize for the Insertion of the following Extracts from Casimir ; whom I would add to the number of my Reader's Acquaintance.

“ Me plenus, extra quid cupiam ? meo

“ In memetipsum clausus ab ostio,

“ In se recedentis reviso

“ Scenam animi, vacuumquè lustro

“ Vitæ Theatrum, sollicitus mei

“ Spectator ; an quæ fabula prodii

“ Matura procedam, et supremo

“ Numinis excipienda plausu.

“ Omnes recenset Numen, et approbat,

“ Vel culpat actus : Quo mea judice

“ Si scena non lævè peracta est,

“ Sim populo sine teste felix.”

Ode xii. Lib. iv.

And in another of his Odes, written in Imitation of that of Horace, “ *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis—*”

" Ergo, aut profanis hæcenus negotiis,

" Amiffa plorat fidera;

" Aut, in reductâ fede, difperfum gregem

" Errantis animi colligit,

" Poftquàm beatæ lucra confcientiæ

" Quadrante libravit fuo."

Lib. Epodon.

" Let the Words of my Mouth, and the Medita-
 " tion of my Heart be always acceptable in thy Sight,
 " O Lord! my Strength and my Redeemer!"

Pfal. xix. 14, 15.

Note XLVII.

" *Where, O my God, is Happinefs?*"

I am here reminded of the Infcription on the Tomb of Thomas à Kempis. He was buried, where he had long lived, in the Monaftery of Mount St Agnes; (this Monaftery is now called Bergh-Cloofter, or Hill Cloifter) where his Effigy, together with a Proſpect of the Monaftery, was engraven on a Plate of Copper that lies over his Body. In this Engraving a Perſon is deſcribed reſpectfully preſenting to him a Label, on which is written a Verſe to this Effect,

O where is Peace! for Thou its paths haſt trod?

to which Kempis returns another inſcribed as follows,

In Poverty, Retirement, and with God.

See Religious Poems, entitled 'Amaranth,' p. 22.

Annotations to Friday's Meditations.

Note XLVIII.

*" And yet even this firm Resolution of Amendment,
" I must first beg of Thee."*

A Sentiment of this sort is expressed by Pascal, in a strain of Devotion the most animated, and withal the most humble ;

*" Je n'aurois pas la hardiesse de vous adresser mes
" cris, si quelque autre les pouvoit exaucer. Mais,
" mon Dieu, comme la Conversion de mon cœur,
" que je vous demande, est un ouvrage qui passe tous
" les efforts de la Nature, je ne puis m'adresser qu'à
" l'auteur, et au maître tout-puissant de la Nature,
" et de mon cœur."*

Pensees—Priere pour les maladies.

Note XLIX.

" And sum up the Profits I have made To-day."

*" Sed mens assiduam visitur in diem
" Hospes sæpè sui ; non ebur aut novas*

“ *Mercatura dapes, ipsa sui satîs*

“ *Dives, si sibi cernitur.*”

M. Casim. Lib. iii. Ode vi.

Note L.

“ *Does another's Sin breed Virtue in me?* ”

“ On se corrige quelquefois mieux par la veuë
du mal, que par l'exemple du bien ; et il est bon
de s'accoutumer à profiter du mal, puis qu'il est
si ordinaire, au lieu que le bien est si rare.

Pensees de Pascal.

Note LI.

“ *He that with Patience resolves to suffer.*”

An Heathen Poet writes —

“ *Dicimus autem*

“ *Hos quoque felices qui ferre incommoda vita,*

“ *Nec jactare jugum vita didicere magistra.*”

Juv. Sat. xiii.

Note LII.

“ *What a merciful Father shall send to correct him.*”

A Christian, whilst he acknowledges the Hand that
imparts Afflictions, is enabled to disclose their use ;

" All chastisements for private use are giv'n ;
 " The *Revelations personal* of Heav'n :
 " But man in misery mistaketh his road,
 " Sighs for lost joys, and never turns to God.
 " Heav'n more than meets her child with sorrows
 " try'd,
 " Her dove brings olive, e'er the waves subside.

 " In adverse fortune, when the storm runs high,
 " And Sickness graves Death's image on the eye,
 " Nor wealth, nor rank, nor pow'r assuage the grief—
 " Ask God to send thee Patience or Relief.
 " The infant Moses 'scap'd his wat'ry Grave :
 " Heaven half o'erwhelms the man it means to save.

* *Amaranth*, p. 35, 37.

* The name of the Author of the Poems, entitled *AMARANTH*,
 is *HARTS*, the Tutor of that Son of Lord Chesterfield to whom the
 LETTERS were addressed.

Annotations to Saturday's Meditations.

Note LIII.

" *Hail, Conqueror of Sin and Death!* "

" *Ille, multis* "

" *Pressus ærumnis, populos ab imo* "

" *Eruiſit Orcò.* "

" *Ille non unquam pereuntis ævi* "

" *Scriptis hæredes; et inobſequentis* "

" *Præſidem Leti cohibet ſeveræ* "

" *Lege catenæ.* "

" *Auſus indignum tolerare letum* "

" *Sontis Adami memor: Ille necdum* "

" *Præuius ductor penetrârat alti* "

" *Limina Coeli,* "

" *Donec informi DEUS è ſepulcro* "

" *Prodiit victor — Benè jam ſupremo* "

" *Aſſiſſes Adam folio perennis* "

" *Hoſpes Olympi.* "

M. Caſimir, Lib. iv. Ode 24.

Note LIV.

" *and free to work for his own Profit.*"

" God made thee perfect, not immutable ;
 " And good He made thee, but to persevere
 " He left it in thy pow'r ; ordain'd thy will
 " *By Nature free*, not over-rul'd by fate
 " Inextricable, or strict necessity.

 " Myself, and all th' angelic host that stand
 " In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
 " Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds ;
 " On other surety none : *freely we serve*,
 " *Because we freely love*, as in our will
 " To love or not ; in this we stand or fall :
 " And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
 " And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell — O fall !
 " From what high state of bliss into what woe !"

Paradise Lost, Book v.

Note LV.

" *'Tis now the Day of God.*

" *Mercy and Justice divide the World.*"

" Tempus erit, quum vestra illum commissa notantem,
 " Multantemquè reos, altâquè in nube sedentem
 " Adspicietis ; et horrentes tremor oprimet artus.

- " Nec jam ferre oculos flammæ ardore coruscas,
 " Aut timidos acie vultus contendere contra
 " Audebit quisquam sibi conscius. Ibit in ignes
 " Turba nocens; fontesquæ exsolvet corpore pœnas.

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- " Tunc vos exactæ capient mala tædia vitæ
 " Expertes cœli, atquæ auræ sub nocte profundâ :
 " Inquæ caput trifidos nequidquam optabitis ignes :
 " Et frustra erectas tolletis ad fidera palmas.

- - - - -

- " Ergo vitales miseri dum carpitis auras,
 " Dum compos mens ipsa sui est, dum certa facultas,
 " Dum ratio, tempusquæ sinunt; simul ite frequentes:
 " Ite pii, veniam factis exposcite vestris :
 " Ite, animos purgate; Orciquæ inhibete rapinas ;
 " Et tandem patrio mentem convertite cœlo.
 " Sic Rex ille hominum, vacui spoliator Averni,
 " Oblitus scelerum, cognatæ stirpis amore,
 " Promissiquæ memor, mentes intrabit amicas,
 " Vestraquæ posthabitis recolet præcordia templis.
 " Postque tot exhaustos vitæquæ, obitûsquæ labores,
 " Illo, quo pluvias, quo pellit nubila, vultu
 " Ablutos labe excipiet, lætusquæ reponet
 " Sidereos inter Proceres, sanctumquæ Senatum,
 " Sub pedibusquæ dabit stellantia cernere claustra."

Sannazarius, Lam. de Morte Christi.

Note LVI.

"Where then are the Fruits I should always be bearing?"

A Sentiment to this Effect is closed with the following beautiful Simile —

*"Nequè cùm bene fecerim quæram plaufum,
" sed ad aliud fimile negotium tranfeam; arboris inftar
" ad aquæ rivum fatæ, quæ, cùm fructum femel
" protulerit, nihil præterèa quærit, nifi ut rursùs
" * fuo tempore fructum ferat."*

Sacra Priv. Pars fecunda.

* Pſal. i. 3.

LAUS DEO!

FINIS.

